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SUBJECTS OF CONVERSATION

SUBJECTS of conversation are sometimes exceedingly difficult to be had. I have known many a company of well dressed men and women feel themselves most awkwardly situated for want of something to talk about. The weather, which is said to be a never failing subject, cannot hold out above a few minutes at a time. It will stand a round or two rounds, but not more. It is then knocked up for the evening, and cannot with decency be again brought forward. Being thus disposed of, the subject of "news" is tabled; but, as a matter of course, there being "no news stirring," "not a word," "nothing in the papers," that subject is also soon dispatched. If there happen to be any very remarkable occurrence worth talking of, what a blessing it is on such occasions! It is food for the company a whole night, and may be again and again brought above board for their amusement. But it much more frequently happens that there is no exciting event to talk about, and then the condition of the company is truly miserable. There being ladies present, or there being two factions in the room, politics are proscribed; and even if they could be brought forward, the question of reform immediately comes in with all its tressomeness, and is put down by general consent. Every attempt at getting up a topic failing, the company look into the fire, or in each other's faces, or begin to examine with much interest the pattern of the carpet; and the silence which ensues is truly terrific. A slight whisper is the only sound in the apartment, and is caught at or watched by the company, for it may chance to be the commencement of a conversation in which they may join, without exciting particular attention. But it, too, dies away. It was only a passing under-current of remark between the two married ladies in the blue and white turbans, on the dearth of servants, the difficulty of getting good servants, or the ability of keeping children muffled in flannel nightgowns from October till March. At length some good soul makes an effort to brush away his diffidence. He projects a remark across the room towards the little man with the smirking countenance, about Mr. This, or Miss That, or Signor Such-a-thing, who is at present enlivening the town with their exhibitions. The remark is in itself a very ordinary remark, but it has its use; it quickens the intellects of those who hear it, and the tongues of a number of individuals are set going upon the subject of theatrical amusements, going in the Assembly Rooms, Pasta, Paganini, and private parties, so that the original remark is lost sight of, and the company go on pretty well with what has produced, for perhaps half an hour. All these topics being exhausted, another horrible silence ensues. The company again look into the fire, or in one another's faces, and once more examine the carpet. What is to be said next? All think upon saying something, yet nobody speaks. The national *mauvaise honte* is now displayed to the height of its perfection. The company of the company, however, approaches its crisis. The awful stillness is broken, and in a most natural and unexpected manner. The young man in the starched waist sitting in the corner of the room, near the end of the piano, who has been thinking what he shall say or for the last half hour, takes heart of grace; he rises and snuffs the candles, going through the self imposed duty in as neat and elegant a style as he can possibly get. The snuffing of the candles is an operation which every member of the company has seen performed ten thousand times; but it affords interest for even the ten thousandth and first time. It may not intrinsically be heeding, yet, in a case of this nature, it is of very importance. It suggests a new theme, and that

is exactly what is wanted, for one subject invariably leads to the discussion of half a dozen others. The operation of snuffing the candles therefore induces some one to remark, how beautiful gas light is. Then this brings on a disquisition on the danger of introducing it into private houses; its cost in comparison with oil is next touched upon; then follows an observation about the last illumination; which leads to reminiscences of similar displays on the occasions of the great naval victories—the victories lead to Nelson—Nelson to his biographer, Southey—Southey, to poetry—poetry, to Byron—and Byron, to Greece. This whirl of conversation, however, also runs out; an accident jars it, and it is all over. Suddenly the speakers pause, as if they had received a galvanic shock; one small voice is alone left prominent above the silence; but finding itself unsupported, it is immediately lowered to a whisper, and the whisper subsides to a dead silence.

I have often pitied the host or hostess on occasions of this nature; but I could not help blaming them for not providing against such dismal pauses in the conversation of their parties. To guard against these occurrences, I would recommend them to bring forward what I have remarked to be never-failing sources of conversational entertainment, namely, a tolerably good-looking cat, a lap-dog, or a child. The last is the best. It ought to be about two years of age, and be able to walk. If adroitly played off, or permitted to play, it will amuse the party for an hour at least. It must be placed on the hearth-rug, so as to attract all eyes; and while in the room, no other subject of discourse will be thought of. Any endeavour to draw off attention, by the relation of some entertaining anecdote, will be deemed sedition against the majesty of the household. If a cat, a dog, or an interesting child, cannot be conveniently had, I would advise the invitation of some one who has a loud voice and the happy effrontery of speaking incessantly, however ridiculously, on all subjects; a person who can speak nonsense to any extent, and has the reputation of being a most agreeable companion. This man is of vast use in tabling subjects; for he has no diffidence or modesty, and has a knack of turning every observation to account. His voice also serves as a cover to much bye conversation; there being hundreds who speak fluently enough, provided a bagpipe were kept playing beside them, or who could have their voices drowned by some other species of noise. The loud and voluble talker is therefore an excellent shelter for those of weaker nerves, and will be found a useful ingredient in all mixed companies.

The difficulty of starting subjects of conversation, as well as the difficulty of sustaining them, is often as observable when two acquaintances meet in the street, as when a roomful of company is collected. The unhappy pair exhaust all that they can remember they ought to say to each other, in the space of a minute and a half, and another minute may be consumed in going through the process of taking a pinch of snuff; the next half minute is spent in mutual agony. Neither knows how to separate. As the only chance of release, one of the parties at last brings in a joke, or what is meant to be such, to his aid. The other, of course, feels bound to laugh, and both seizing the opportunity, escape in different directions under cover of the witticism.

STORY OF MRS. MACFARLANE.

(Continued.)

MRS. MACFARLANE, the strange lady described at the end of the preceding part of this tale, was the only daughter of a gentleman of Roxburghshire, who had perished in the

resurrection of 1716. An attempt was made by his surviving friends to save the estate from forfeiture, so that it might have been enjoyed by his orphan daughter, then just emerged into womanhood. But almost all hope of that consummation was soon closed, and, in the meantime, the unfortunate young lady remained in a destitute situation. The only arrangement that could be devised by the generosity of her friends was to permit her to reside periodically for a certain time in each of their houses—a mode of subsistence from which her spirit recoiled, but to which, for a little while, she was obliged to submit. It was while experiencing all the bitter pangs of a dependent situation, encountered for the first time, and altogether unexpectedly, that Mr. Macfarlane, a respectable and elderly law agent, who had been employed by her father, came forward and made an offer of his hand. Glad to escape from the immediate pain of dependency, even at the hazard of permanent unhappiness, she accepted the proposal, although her relations did every thing they could to dissuade her from a match so much beneath her rank. The proud spirit of Elizabeth Ker swelled almost to bursting, when she entered the dwelling of her low-born husband; and the humble marriage-feast which was there placed before her, seemed in her eyes as the first wages of her degradation. But her own reflections might have been endured, and in time subdued, if they had not been kept awake by the ungenerous treatment which she received from all her former friends. The pride of caste was at this period unbroken in Scotland, and it rigorously demanded the exclusion of "the doer's wife" from all the circles in which she had previously moved. The stars made a conspiracy to banish the sun. If Mrs. Macfarlane had been educated properly, she would have been able to repel scorn with scorn, and, in these tergiversations of the narrow-spirited great, would have only seen their degradation, not her own. But under her deceased mother, a scion of a better house than even her father's, she had grown up in the full participation of all the ridiculous notions as to caste, and of course was herself deeply sensible of the advantages she had forfeited. Rendered irritable in the highest degree by consciousness of her own loss, she received every slight thrown upon her by society into her innermost heart, where it festered and fed upon her very vitals. She found that she had fallen, that the step was irrevocable; and as fictitious degradation, imposed by the forms of society, always in a short time becomes real, her character suffered a material deterioration. She took refuge from offended self-love in a spirit of hatred and contempt for her fellow-matrons, and began to entertain feelings from which, in earlier and happier years, she would have shrunk as from actual crime.

There was at least one branch of the better sort of Edinburgh society which never manifested any disinclination to her acquaintance. This was the class of loose young men of good birth, who daily paraded at the Cross with flowing periwigs and glancing canes, and nightly drownd their senses in a vulgar debauch, from which they occasionally awoke in the morning with the duty of settling scores by a rencontre in St. Ann's Yards, or at St. Leonard's Crags. This set of brawlers, the proper successors of those drunken cavaliers who disgraced a preceding age, subsisted in a state of pure antagonism to the staid and decorous habits of the general community; many of them were literally the children of cavaliers, and indebted in a great measure for their idle way of life to the circumstances of the government, which dictated an exclusive distribution of its patronage among its own adherents, and of course left the poor Jacobites exposed to all the temptations of idleness. Dicing and golfing were the employments of their forefathers; in the evening they would stagger from table into Heriot's Green or Lady Murray's garden in the Canongate, where they would make a point of staring out of countenance such sober citizens and their daughters as ventured to frequent those fashionable promenades. According to a Presbyterian writer of the day, they sent to London regularly for the last fashions and the newest oaths; but, perhaps, the latter part of the report is only a scandal. If such personages were to revive now-a-days, and appear some forenoon among the modern *beaux esprits* of Prince's Street, they would be looked upon, with their long wide-skirted coats, and buckles, and cravats, as a set of the most solemn looking gentlemen: but in their

own time there were no ideas associated with them but those of reckless, hot-headed youth, and daily habits the most opposite to those of decency and virtue.

Mrs. Macfarlane, whilst she sunk from the society of gentlemen of her own rank, still retained such acquaintance as she had ever happened to possess, of their wild sons and brothers. With them, she was, in her turn, an object of great interest on account of her transcendent beauty, or rather its fame—for the fame with such persons is of far more importance than the reality. It was not disagreeable to Mrs. Macfarlane, when she walked with her husband on the Castle-hill, and found herself passed with dry recognition by persons of her own sex, to be made up to by some long-waisted Sir Harry Wildair, who, in language borrowed from Congreve or Farquhar, protested that the sun was much aided in his efforts to illuminate the world by the light of her eyes. A rattle of the fan was the least favour that could be dispensed in reward for such a compliment; and then would ensue a conversation, perhaps only interrupted by a declaration from Mr. Macfarlane, that he felt the air getting rather cold, and was afraid to stay out any longer on account of his rheumatism. The society of these fops was never further encouraged by Mrs. Macfarlane; indeed, it was only agreeable to her in public places, where it consoled her a little for the ungenerous slights of more respectable persons. Yet it had some effect upon her reputation, and was partly the cause of all her misfortunes.

About two years after the insurrection of 1715, the host of Edinburgh fops received an important accession in Mr. George Cayley, a young English gentleman, who was sent down as one of the commissioners upon the forfeited estates; Cayley brought with him a considerable stock of cash, an oath of recent coinage, said to be very fashionable in Pall-Mall, and a vest of peculiar cut, which he had lately got copied at Paris from an original belonging to the Regent Orleans. As he also brought a full complement of the most dissolute personal habits, he might be considered as recommended in the strongest manner to the friendship of the native beaux; if, indeed, his accomplishments were not apt rather to produce displeasure from their superiority. Some days after his arrival, he was introduced to Mrs. Macfarlane, to whom he was an object of some interest, on account of his concern in the disposal of her father's estate. If she felt an interest in him on this account, he was not the less struck by her surpassing beauty and elegant manners, which appeared to him alike thrown away upon her husband, and the city in which she dwelt. He rushed home from the first interview in a state of mind scarcely to be imagined. That such a glorious creature should squander her light upon the humble house of an attorney, when she seemed equally fit to illuminate the walls of a palace, was, in his eyes, a perversion of the designs of nature. He wished that it was in his power to fly with her away—from all the scenes where either was known, to some place far over this world's wilderness, where every consciousness might be lost except that of mutual love. Over and over again he deplored the artificial bonds imposed by human laws, and protected by the virtuous part of the human race, by which hearts the most devoted to each other were often condemned to eternal separation. His heart, he found, was possessed by sensations such as had never before moved it. It worshipped its object as a kind of idol, instead of, as formerly, regarding it as a toy. He flung himself in idea before the shrine of her splendour, in breathless, boundless, despairing passion.

It is probable that if Cayley had been fortunate enough to meet Mrs. Macfarlane before she was married, he might have been inspired with an attachment equally devoted, and which, being indulged innocently, might have had the effect of purifying him from all his degrading vices and raising him into a worthy member of society. As it was, the passion which, in proper circumstances, is apt to refine and humanize, only lent a frantic earnestness to his usual folly. He made it his endeavour to obtain as much of her society as possible—an object in which he was greatly favoured by his official character, which caused him to be treated with much less coolness by Mr. Macfarlane than was otherwise to have been expected. That individual had not altogether lost hope of regaining the property to which his wife was entitled, and he therefore met Mr. Cayley's advances with more than corresponding warmth, every other sentiment being for the time subordinate to this important object. The young Englishman, in order to cultivate this delightful intimacy with the greater convenience, removed from his former lodgings to a house directly opposite to Mrs. Macfarlane's, in the High-street, where, at such times as a visit was out of the question, he would sit for hours watching patiently for the slightest glimpse of her through the windows, and judging even a momentary gleam of her figure within the dim glass as an ample compensation for his pains. He now became much less lively than before—forgot, in some measure, the company of his gay contemporaries—and seemed, in short, the complete *beau-ideal* of the melancholy, abstracted lover. It was his custom to spend most of his evenings in Mrs. Macfarlane's house; and, except during those too quickly flying hours, time was to him the greatest misery. Existence was only existence in that loved presence; the rest was a state of dormancy, or watchfulness only to be spent in pain. If he applied at all to the business for which he was commissioned by the government, it was only to that part of it which related to the inheritance of Mrs. Macfarlane, in order that he might every night have an excuse for calling upon that lady, to inform her of the progress he was making in her cause. His attachment in that quarter was soon whispered abroad in society; and, while it served as a grateful theme for the tongues of Mrs. Macfarlane's former competitors, the favour with which he seemed to be received was equally the subject of envy to the young men, few of whom had ever found much countenance in her house for want of something to recommend them equally to her husband.

Scarcely any thing is calculated to have so deteriorating

an effect upon the mind as the constant fret of an unlawful passion. In every one of the clandestine and stealthy operations by which it is sought to be gratified, a step is gained in the downward descent towards destruction. Cayley, who was not naturally a man of wicked dispositions, and who might have been reclaimed by this passion, had it been virtuous, from all his trivial follies, gradually became prepared, by the emotions which convulsed his bosom, for an attempt involving the honour of his adored mistress, and consequently her whole happiness in life, as well as that of many innocent individuals with whom she was connected. This he now only waited for an opportunity of carrying into effect; and it was not long ere it was afforded.

Called by the urgent request of a Highland client, Mr. Macfarlane had left town somewhat suddenly, and was not expected to return for upwards of a week. During his absence, Mrs. Macfarlane endeavoured to repress the attentions of Mr. Cayley as much as possible, from a sense of propriety, and contented herself with a kind of society—dumb, yet eloquent—which she felt to be much more fit for her situation—the society of her infant child. One evening, however, as she sat with her tender charge hushed to sleep upon her bosom, Mr. Cayley was unexpectedly ushered in, notwithstanding that she had given directions for his exclusion after a certain hour, now past. To add to her distress, he appeared a little excited, as she thought, by liquor; but, in reality, by nothing but the burning and madly imprudent passion which had taken possession of him. He sat down, and gazed at her for a few moments without speaking, while she remonstrated against this unseasonable intrusion. She then rang her bell, in order to chide her servant for disobedience of her orders; but Mr. Cayley tranquilly told her, that he had taken the liberty of sending the girl away upon an errand.

"In the name of heaven," said the lady, "what do you mean?"

"I mean, my dear Madam," answered he, "to have a little conversation with you upon a subject of great importance to us both, and which I should like to discuss without the possibility of interruption. Know, Madam, that, ever since I first saw you, I have fondly, madly loved you. You are become indispensable to my existence; and it depends upon you whether I shall hereafter be the most happy or the most miserable of men."

"Mr. Cayley," cried the lady, "what foolery is this? You are not in your senses; you have indulged too much in liquor. For heaven's sake, go home; and to-morrow you will have forgot that such ideas ever possessed your brain."

"No, never, my angel!" cried he, "can I forget that I have seen and loved you. I might sleep for ages; and, if I awakened at all, it would be with your image imprinted as strongly as ever upon my heart. You now see a man prepared for the most desperate courses in order to obtain you. Listen for a moment. In the neighbourhood a coach stands ready to carry us far from every scene where you have hitherto been known. Consent, and I procure for you (which is now within my power) a reversal of your father's attainer. You shall again possess the domains where your fathers, for ages back, have been held in almost regal veneration, and where you spent the pleasant years of your own youth. Deny me, and to-morrow your reputation is blasted for ever. The least plausible tale, you well know, would be received and believed by society, if told respecting Mrs. Macfarlane."

"Profligate wretch!" exclaimed the unfortunate lady; "can I believe my ears when they tell me that such wickedness exists in a human bosom? Look, Sir, at this infant; were there no principles of virtue within me to dictate a contemptuous rejection of your proposals, do you think that I could leave this innocent to pine and die under the cold neglect of strangers, or to survive to a less blessed life with the stigma of a disgraced mother fixed for ever upon her? Were I the basest woman that ever lived, as you seem to think me, would nature permit so awful a violation of her laws? Could I leave my child, and not next moment be struck dead by fire from heaven for my crime? The alter native, indeed, is awful. Well you know the point upon which I am most easily affected. Base, however, as you avow yourself I cannot yet suppose that you could be guilty of a trick so worthy of the devil himself, as to blast the reputation, where you could not fix the real cause of infamy."

"Do not flatter yourself too much on that score," rejoined Cayley; "you do not now see a man actuated by ordinary principles. I am tortured and confounded by an impetuous passion, which you have excited. If you take from me all hope of a consent to my first proposal, I must endeavour to bring you into my power by the second. To-morrow I did I say! Nay, I will go this night and tell every man I know that you are the slave of my passion. Not a lady in Edinburgh but will know of it to-morrow before she has left her pillow. You will then, I think, see the necessity of consenting to the scheme of flight which I now put into your power."

He pronounced these words in such a disordered and violent manner, that the unhappy lady sat for some time unable to reply. She hardly recovered her senses till she heard the outer door clang behind him, as he went upon the demonic purpose which he had threatened.

The first place that Mr. Cayley went to was John's Coffee-house, a fashionable tavern in the Parliament Square, where he found a large group of his dissolute young friends, drinking claret out of silver stoups. The company was in an advanced stage of intoxication and riot, very much to the annoyance, apparently, of a few smaller knots of decent citizens, who were indulging in some moderate pretensions after the fatigues of the day, and endeavouring to understand as much as they could of the London Intelligencer, the Flying Post, and other little sheets of news which lay upon the various tables. "Well, Cayley," cried one of the young rustlers, "come and tell us how you are

getting on now with the fair lady over the way—husband not at home—must be making great advances, I suppose." "Make yourself quite at ease on that subject; 'I am so, I assure you.' This he said in so significant a tone, that it was at once understood. A flood of raillery, however, was immediately opened upon him; no one would believe what he said, or rather implied—and thus, as they designed, he was drawn to make much more explicit declarations of his supposed triumph. No attempt was made by himself or others to conceal the subject of their conversation from the rest of the individuals present. It was understood distinctly by the sober citizens above-mentioned, some of whom shrugged their shoulders, knocked their cocked hats firmly down upon their heads, took staff in hand, and strode consequently and indignantly out of the room. As Cayley had predicted, the whole affair was blazoned abroad before next morning.

Mrs. Macfarlane, as might be supposed, enjoyed little sleep after the agitations of the preceding evening. She could hardly believe that any thing so wicked as what had been threatened by Mr. Cayley could be perpetuated by a being in human shape; but yet, recollecting the extraordinary state in which he seemed to be, she could not altogether assure herself of the contrary. In the forenoon she went to pay a visit in a distant part of the town; and she could not help remarking, that while she seemed to have become an object of additional interest to the male sex, the ladies, even those with whom she had formerly been on terms of civil recognition, averted their eyes from her, with an expression, as she thought, of contempt.

The lady upon whom she called received her in the coldest manner, and, on an explanation being asked, did not hesitate to mention what she had heard as the town's talk that morning, namely, that Mr. Cayley professed himself to be her favoured lover. The unfortunate lady burst into a passion of tears and lamentations at this intelligence, protested her innocence a thousand times, and declared herself to be only the victim of a profligate; but still she saw that she did not produce an entirely exculpatory effect upon the mind of her friend. She went home in a state of distress bordering on despair. Her early misfortunes through the severity of the government; her dependent situation in the houses of her kindfolk; her unhappy marriage to a man she could never love; and, finally, the cruel coldness with which she had been treated by her former friends in the days of her depression, all recur red upon her mind, and, united with the more awful grief which had now overtaken her, prepared her mind for the most desperate resolutions.

Early in the afternoon she sent a note to Mr. Cayley, requesting, in the usual terms, the favour of his company. The receipt of her billet threw him into transports of joy; for he believed that his scheme had already taken effect, and that she was now prepared to accede to his proposals. He therefore dressed himself in his best style, and at the proper hour (he felt too secure of his prey to go sooner) walked across the street to his appointment. He was shown into a room at the back of the house, where he had never before been, and where there was little furniture besides a picture of Mrs. Macfarlane, painted by Sir John Medina, an Italian artist who long practised his trade at the Scottish capital. This portrait, which he began to gaze upon with all the enthusiasm of a lover, represented his mistress in a style and manner strikingly beautiful. The utmost serenity, united with the utmost innocence, shone in those sweetly noble features. The fair open brow glowed like the summer sky, calmly and cloudlessly beautiful. The eyes shone with the lustre of gladness and intelligence, and the whole expression was resolved into an exquisite and killing smile. The lover stood in a sort of transport before this image of all he held dear on earth, as if he were yielding to an idolatrous contemplation of its extraordinary loveliness, when the door was opened—and behold the original! Instead of the voluptuous smile which shone on the canvass of Medina, a beautiful Fury stood before him—a Hecate not yet grown old. He started with horror; for not only did she bear in her countenance the most threatening ensigns of passion, but she carried in her hand two large pistols, one of which she held extended to him, while with the other she locked the door behind her, at the same time keeping a watchful and glaring eye upon her victim.

"Wretch," she said, "you have ruined one who never did you wrong. You have destroyed me as completely as if you had stretched me lifeless beneath your hand. More than this, you have rendered others who are dear to me unhappy for ever. My child—you have deprived her of the nurture of a mother; you have fixed upon her name a stain which will never be washed out. And yet for all this, society, cruel as it is to the victim, provides no punishment—hardly even any censure—to the criminal. Were it now my will to permit you, you might walk away scatheless from the fair scene you had ravaged, with nothing to disturb your triumph, but the lamentations of so many broken hearts. You shall not, however, enjoy this triumph—for here you shall die!"

Cayley had stood for a few moments, gazing alternately at her face and at the weapon she held extended towards him. He heard her address as if he had heard it not. But at the last word, he recovered a little of his presence of mind, and made an effort to approach her. She at the moment fired, but without effect. The effort of drawing the trigger had depressed the muzzle of the weapon, and the ball entered the floor at his feet. She lost not an instant to present and fire the other, the shot of which penetrated his breast, and he fell next moment before her, with but one indistinct murmur of agony—and then he was still.

One brief embrace to her child—a moment at the table to arrange her travelling dress, which she had previously prepared, and the beautiful murderess was ready to fly. She instantly left town for the south, and, as already mentioned, received shelter and concealment in the house of her distant kinsman, Sir John Swinton. How long she was there protected is not known; but it was

probably as long as the search of justice continued to be in the least eager. It was always understood, by those aged persons who knew her story, and from whom the preceding facts have chiefly been derived, that she ultimately escaped to some remote continental state, where she was supported by contributions from her relations. So closes one of the most tragical tales that stain the domestic annals of Scotland during the last century.

SCOTTISH NATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

CRIMINAL LAW.

WHILE the civil law of Scotland possesses few points of similitude to that of England, a difference of the like nature prevails with regard to the criminal jurisprudence of the two nations. In this branch of the Scottish law certain ancient peculiarities and usages exist which have no parallel in the sister country, or perhaps any part of the world at the present day. The difference between the two codes may be briefly stated:—In England, every possible crime which can be imagined, or which has happened, is met by a statute for its future prevention and punishment; in Scotland, on the other hand, while there are numbers of crimes similarly met by particular legislative enactments, a far greater proportion are dealt with, as they occur, on general principles—thus, the one is called the *Statute Law*, the other, the *Common Law*, and both are the boast of the nations to which they respectively belong. From what I have remarked of the observations of English writers on the criminal law of Scotland, it appears that few understand it thoroughly, and that they are generally ignorant or regardless of many local usages and moral characteristics of the people which influence its operation. Under the Statute Law, every man is well aware of his danger, when under temptation to commit a misdemeanour, and he may approach the very verge of crime with impunity, even while actually transgressing the moral law. With us, on the contrary, no man may have the path of rectitude with the expectation that he is safe, and consequently he is wary in entering an enclosure which he may in a moment be surprised. To judge of the properties and value of the two opposite codes I have pointed out, it would be necessary to bring both into law collaterally with the other institutions of the country; by doing so, it would be found that the mischiefs of a scrupulous regard to statutes on the one side, and an apparent danger in the dispensation of general law on the other, are in a great measure neutralized by minute provisions, not seen until the forms are nearly examined. This is more observable in the Scotch than the English law, and a comparison of their merits would incline me to prefer the former, on the score not only of vigour, but humanity. The criminal statute law of England is allowed to be sanguinary, and I am afraid, it is very clumsy. Besides, even granting that its alleged minuteness might be beneficial, its unintelligibility, from a concourse of enactments, many hundreds of which have been rescinded, extended in their meaning, or altered by others more recent, render the whole one of the most contradictory and useless codes of jurisprudence in the world.

The most obvious mischief in the statute law, is the permission it gives to commit new offences, as well as an allowance to go within a hair breadth of an actual infraction of the law; thereby confusing ideas of right and wrong. Hume, popular Scotch writer on criminal law, points out the enormity of the common, over the statute, law, in these terms:—An incipient desire to commit crime in Scotland "is raised in its beginning, and more effectually than it can be by any statute, because all statutes are liable to be partial and defective in their description of offences; and the transgressor finds the means of eluding the sanction, the law itself falls into contempt. But it is also a meretricious course to the offender; because the crime being ended on its first appearance, and before it has become great or alarming to the community, is restrained at that point by far milder correctives than are afterwards necessary to be applied to it, when the growing evil has come to require the passing of an express law in its behalf. Thus in England, the sending of incendiary or threatening letters is punished with death, in virtue of certain statutes which were passed at a time when this sort of wickedness prevailed. But in Scotland, the first offender of this sort (whose name was within these fifty years) with transportation; and it has never been found necessary to seek authority of any kind for more rigorous punishment. The same is true with regard to the corruption or alterations of bills, promissory notes, and the like, to the prejudice of the acceptor, which certain statutes is felony without benefit of clergy in England, and is punishable with us at common law with transportation. Many other examples might be given. In fact, if things are to be judged of upon the testimony of common wisdom before the event, the inhabitants of Scotland have no reason to envy the condition, with respect to administration of criminal justice, of any other part of Europe."

Though this eulogium on the superiority of Scotch criminal law be correct, in so far that in many cases a leniency exercised in Scotland, which would not have taken place in England under like circumstances, it is but justice to say there could likewise be produced evidence where undue leniency, according to the caprice of judges, has been inflicted. Nevertheless, if we examine the conduct of judges in recent years, and bring to remembrance some particular subsidiary facts which frustrate the malignity of prosecution, we have much to regret, that the criminal law is so ill defined in its properties. It is confessed, that at one period, and that of a distant date, the will of judges, aided by the desert character of juries, and the tramels under which the press laboured, tended to lower the respectability of our criminal jurisprudence; but I am strongly inclined to think that a very different line of procedure would in the present be adopted.

Whatever may be the expression of the statutes in reference to particular crimes, it is a certain fact, that in almost all cases of misdemeanour or infraction of the laws, the character of the culprit sways both the public prosecutor and the minds of the judges. On many occasions, neither have it in their power to do otherwise than apply the exact punishment, or to divert the regular course of justice, leaving the mitigation of the penalty to his Majesty; but more ordinarily they have it in their power to modify the asperity of the law, according to circumstances. The chief guiding legal principle in a Scottish criminal prosecution, is the strict attention which is paid to the former good or bad character of the accused. The English statute law in some instances provides a higher degree of punishment for the commission of a crime for the second time; but in bringing an individual to trial, it does not rest any plea upon his having been simply a bad character, either supposed or established; and this acts as a slight check to the general severity of the law. In being subjected to a criminal prosecution in Scotland, the law acts very differently. When an accusation is laid for a specified crime, accompanied with the charge of being "*habit and repute*" an evil doer, the indictment rises prodigiously in value, and the punishment is inflicted with a rigour, which in a case without such an aggravation would be entirely unknown. To be habit and repute a thief or other felon, was at one time a most dangerous property. It could have formed the sole ground of indictment, and, if proved, might have been punished by scourging, imprisonment, and even transportation from the kingdom. It has long since been disused on these unduly severe terms, and now acts only as an aggravation of the special charges.

The law of habit and repute has been denounced by various writers as ungenerous, and the mention of such a singular mode of making up a charge may perhaps excite the contempt of a stranger; but really, though apparently mischievous at first view, it seems on all occasions to be used to great advantage in clearing society of only its worst characters. In no case is it stretched to the extent of depressing a criminal, who may have in former times been known to live a course of iniquity, and after betaking himself to an honest mode of life for some years, again relapsed into crime. It is only applied to those who are caught in the midst of their career of wickedness, and have been a torment to society. It has the incalculably beneficial effect of raising a distinction between the hardened ruffian, and the unfortunate poverty-propelled infringer of the laws for the first time, although both be charged with the commission of nominally the same crime.

English criminal statutes are often very explicit in regard to the penalty to be incurred by stealing articles of a particular value—raising the punishment in proportion as the price rises in amount. The law of Scotland makes little or no difference in the degree of punishment it inflicts on this score. When a larceny is committed to the extent of thirty shillings, the penalty will be as severe as if it were to the amount of forty shillings, or forty pounds. On this account, that species of ridiculous straining of counsel in England, to make it appear on trial that the value of goods stolen was beneath a certain amount, is never witnessed in this country. It is the characteristic of habit and repute, which here, as every where else regulates the penalty; and it may often have occurred, that while one man, who has been charged with stealing forty shillings' worth of goods, has been only doomed to three months' imprisonment, another for a larceny of twopenny, has been transported, or even hanged. The charge of stealing a pair of old shoes, of threepence in value, as a witty writer notices, and with being at the same time *habit and repute a thief*, if proved, would bring the prisoner by law to the gallows, when, without this qualification, a very modified degree of punishment, such as a few days' imprisonment, would be inflicted. In practice, such cruelty is avoided by the temperate and adroit management of the public prosecutor, who uses his discretion in restricting the penalty; and so happily in this generally done, that in Scotland, none but the most debased criminals, in whom no redeeming property can be discovered, are put to death on the scaffold.

The office of *Lord Advocate*, or General Public Prosecutor, just alluded to, will form the subject of my next paper on the Scottish National Institutions.

THE STOLEN PRESIDENT.

THE custom of stealing away town-bailies and councillors, so as to baulk the election of a particular member of Parliament, and which is of no very rare occurrence in Scotland, meets with a parallel in early periods of our history in the abduction of persons of considerable influence in the state or on the bench. An incident of this nature illustrative of the former unsettled state of the country may here be related for the amusement of my readers:

In the reign of Charles I., when the moss-trooping practices were not entirely discontinued, the tower of Gilnockie, in the parish of Cannoby, was occupied by William, or Willie Armstrong, a lineal descendant of the famous John Armstrong, of Gilnockie, executed by James V. The hereditary love of plunder had descended to this person with the family mansion; and,

* There was once a curious merciful peculiarity in the Scottish law, by which any person in a famishing condition, or in a state of general destitution, could steal with impunity as much food as he could carry away on his back; and which usage is noticed by institutional writers under the name of the law of *burdineek* or *burthynack*. It has been long completely in disuse, but it is nevertheless remarkable, that many of the lower orders of people have still an idea that persons dying for lack of food may help themselves from the store of others by force, without incurring a judicial penalty.

upon some marauding party, he was seized and imprisoned in the tolbooth of Jedburgh. The Earl of Traquair, Lord High Treasurer, happening to visit Jedburgh, and knowing this border moss-trooper, inquired the cause of his confinement. Willie replied, he was imprisoned for stealing two *tethers* (halters); but, upon being more closely interrogated, acknowledged there were two *delicate colts* at the end of them. The joke, such as it was, amused the Earl, who exerted his interest, and succeeded in releasing Willie from bondage. Some time afterwards, a law-suit of importance to Lord Traquair was to be decided in the Court of Session, and there was every reason to believe that the judgment would turn upon the voice of the presiding judge, who has a casting vote in case of an equal division among his brethren. The opinion of the President was unfavourable to Lord Traquair; and the point was, therefore, to keep him out of the way when the question should be tried. In this dilemma, the Earl had recourse to Willie Armstrong, who at once offered his service to kidnap the President. Upon due scrutiny, he found it was the judge's practice frequently to take the air on horseback on the sands of Leith without an attendant. In one of these excursions, Willie, who had long watched his opportunity, ventured to accost the President, and engage him in conversation. His address and language were so amusing that he decoyed the President into an unfrequented and furzy common, called the Figgate Whins, where, riding suddenly up to him, he pulled him from his horse, muffled him in a large cloak which he had provided, and rode off with the luckless judge trussed up behind him. Will crossed the country with great expedition, by paths only known to persons of his description, and deposited his weary and terrified burden in an old castle in Annandale, called the Tower of Graham. The judge's horse being found, it was concluded he had thrown his rider into the sea; his friends went into mourning, and a successor was appointed to his office. Meanwhile, the poor President spent a heavy time in the vault of the castle. He was imprisoned, and solitary; received his food through an aperture in the wall, and never hearing the sound of a human voice, save when a shepherd called his dog by the name of *Batty*, and when a female domestic called upon *Maudie*, the cat. These, he concluded, were invocations of spirits, for he held himself to be in the dungeon of a sorcerer. At length, after three months had elapsed, the law suit was decided in favour of Lord Traquair, and Will was directed to set the President at liberty. Accordingly, he entered the vault at dead of night, seized the President, muffled him once more into the cloak, without speaking a single word, and using the same mode of transportation, conveyed him to Leith sands, and set down the astonished judge on the very spot where he had taken him up. The joy of his friends, and the less agreeable surprise of his successor, may be easily conceived, when he appeared in court to reclaim his office and honours. All embraced his own persuasion, that he had been spirited away by witchcraft; nor could he himself be convinced of the contrary, until, many years afterwards, happening to travel in Annandale, his ears were saluted once more with the sounds of *Maudie* and *Batty*, the only notes which had soled his long confinement. This led to a discovery of the whole story; but in these disorderly times, it was only laughed at as a fair *ruse de guerre*. Wild and strange as this tradition may seem, there is little doubt of its foundation in fact. The judge upon whose person this extraordinary stratagem was practised, was Sir Alexander Gibson, Lord Durie, collector of the reports well known in the Scottish law under the title of *Durie's Decisions*. He was advanced to the station of an ordinary Lord of Session, 10th July, 1621, and died at his own house of Durie, July, 1646.

REV. EDWARD IRVING.—We conceive it not improbable that the consciousness of muscular power, that the admiration of his person by strangers, might first have inspired Mr. Irving with an ambition to be something, intellectually speaking, and have given him confidence to attempt the greatest things. He has not failed for want of courage. The public, as well as the fair, are won by a show of gallantry. Mr. Irving has shrunk from no opinion, however paradoxical. He has scrupled to avow no sentiment, however obnoxious; he has revived exploded prejudices; he has scouted prevailing fashions; he has turned religion and the Caledonian Chapel topsy-turvy. He has held a play-book in one hand, and a Bible in the other; and quoted Shakspeare and Melancthon in the same breath. He has taken the thorns and briars of scholastic divinity, and garlanded them with the flowers of modern literature. His imposing figure and dignified manner enable him to hazard sentiments or assertions that would be fatal to others. His controversial daring is backed by his bodily prowess. Take a cubit from his stature, and his whole manner resolves itself into an impotence. But with that addition he overpowers the town, browbeats their prejudices, and bullies them out of their senses. All the mad tricks which he has performed have been done on the strength of a remarkable person and manner, and through that he has succeeded otherwise he would have perished miserably.—*Hastitt*.

A CURE FOR THE GOUT.—"Pray, Mr. Abernethy, what is a cure for gout?" was the question of an indolent and luxurious citizen. "Live upon sixpence a-day, and earn it!" was the pithy answer.

SCOTTISH JESTS AND ANECDOTES.

DR. ADAM SMITH.

This distinguished philosopher was remarkable for absence of mind, for simplicity of character, and for muttering to himself as he walked along the streets. As an anecdote of the first peculiarity, it is related of him, that, having one Sunday morning walked into his garden at Kirkcaldy, dressed in little besides his night-gown, he gradually fell into a reverie, from which he did not awaken till he found himself in the streets of Dumfermline, a town at least twelve miles off. He had, in reality, trudged along the King's highway all that distance, in the pursuit of a certain train of ideas; and he was only eventually stopped in his progress by the bells of Dumfermline, which happened at the time to be ringing the people to church. His appearance, in a crowded street, on a Scotch Sunday morning, without clothes, is left to the imagination of the reader.

It is told, as an example of the second peculiarity, that, on the evenings of those very days which he had devoted to the composition of the *Wealth of Nations*, he would sometimes walk backwards and forwards through his parlour, waiting for an opportunity when he might abstract a lump of sugar from the tea-table, unobserved by his house-keeper, who exercised a kind of control over him.

It used to be related of him, that one day, as he was muttering very violently to himself, in passing along the streets of Edinburgh, he passed close to a couple of fish-women, who were sitting at their stalls. At once putting him down for a madman at large, one remarked to the other, in a pathetic tone, "Hech! and he's weel put on too;" *id est*, well dressed; the idea of his being a gentleman having, of course, much increased her sympathy.

LORD KAIMES.

Lord Kaimes, it is very well known, paid great and successful attention to the improvement of agriculture. A great number of years ago, a German quack, who called himself Baron Von Haak, vaunted of having discovered a powerfully fertilizing manure, which he advertised for sale, pretending that a very small quantity sufficed to fertilize an acre of land in a very extraordinary manner. Happening to converse with one of his neighbours upon this subject, a plain sagacious farmer, the farmer observed to Lord Kaimes that he had no faith in the Baron's nostrum, as he conceived the proposed quantity vastly too small to be of any use. "My good friend," said Lord Kaimes, "such are the wonderful discoveries in science, that I should not be surprised if, at some future time, we might be able to carry the manure of an acre of land to the field in our coat pocket!" "Very possibly," replied the farmer, "but, in that case, I suspect you will be able to bring back the crop in your waistcoat pocket."

INTESTINAL WARDROBE.

An ancestor of Sir Walter Scott joined the Pretender, and, with his brother, was engaged in that unfortunate adventure, which ended in a skirmish and captivity at Preston, 1715. It was the fashion of those times for all persons of the rank of gentlemen to wear scarlet waistcoats. A ball had struck one of the brothers, and carried a part of this dress into his body: and in this condition he was taken prisoner, with a number of his companions, and stript, as was too often the practice in these remorseless civil wars. Thus wounded, and nearly naked, having only a shirt on, and an old sack about him, the ancestor of the great poet was sitting, along with his brother and a hundred and fifty unfortunate gentlemen, in a granary at Preston. The wounded man fell sick, as the story goes, and vomited the scarlet, which the ball had forced into the wound. "Oh man, Wattie!" cried his brother, "if you have got a wardrobe in your wame, I wish you would vomit me a pair of breeks, for I have meikle need of them." The wound afterwards healed.

ANECDOTE OF SPEAKING OUT IN CHURCH.

A most amusing instance of speaking out in church occurred some years ago, in the parish of ——. The minister, in preaching upon the story of Jonah, uttered a piece of declamatory rhetoric, to something like the following effect:—"And what sort of a fish was it, my brethren, that God had appointed thus to execute his holy will. Was it a shark, my brethren? No—it could not be a shark; for God could never have ventured the person of his beloved Prophet amongst the deadly teeth of that ravenous fish. What fish was it, then, my brethren? Was it a salmon, think ye? Ah no; that were too narrow a lodging. There's no ae salmon i' the deepest pule o' a' Tweed could swallow a man. Besides, ye ken, it's mair natural for men to swallow salmon, than for salmon to swallow men. What, then, was it? Was it a sea lion, or a sea horse, or a sea dog, or the great rhinoceros? Oh, no! These are not Scripiter beasts ava. Ye're as aff as ever. Which of the monsters of the great deep was it, can ye tell me?"—Here an old spectacled dame, who had an eleemosynary seat on the pulpit stair, thinking that the minister was in a real perplexity about the name of the fish, interrupted him with, "Hoot, Sir, it was a whale, ye ken." "Out upon ye, you graceless wife that you are!" cried the orator, so enraged as almost to fly out of the pulpit at her; "thus to take the word out of the mouth of God's minister!"

IMPROVISED OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

When Monsieur Alexandre, the celebrated ventriloquist, was in Scotland, he paid a visit to Abbotsford, where he entertained his distinguished host, and the other visitors, with his unrivalled imitations. Next morning, when he was about to depart, Sir Walter Scott felt a good deal embarrassed as to the sort of acknowledgment he should offer; but at length, resolving that it would probably be most agreeable to the young foreigner to be paid in professional coin, if in any, he stepped aside for a few minutes, and on returning, presented him with the following epigram. To English reader

it must be explained, that Sir Walter holds the situation of Sheriff of the county of Selkirk.

Of yore, in old England, it was not thought good
To carry two visages under one hood;
What should folk ask to you? who have faces such plenty
That from under one hood, you last night shew'd us twenty!
Stand forth, arch deceiver, and tell us in truth,
Are you handsome or ugly, in age or in youth?
Man, woman, or child—a dog or a mouse?
Or are you, at once, each live thing in the house?
Each live thing did I ask?—each dead implement too,
A work-shop in your person—saw, chisel, and screw!
Above all, are you one individual? I know
You must be at least Alexandre and Co.
But I think you're a troop—an assemblage—a mob,
And that I, as the Sheriff, should take up the job;
And, instead of rehearsing your wonders in verse,
Must read you the riot act, and bid you disperse.

CHOOSING A PROFESSION.

An old Scotch laird, who was engaged in selecting a liberal profession for his son, thus delivered his thoughts upon the subject:—"When I gang through the New Toon of Edinburgh, I see this ane *Writer*, and that ane *Writer*—amang every noose has a *Writer* leeving in't. Fient hae me but I think I'll hae to mak our Jock a *Writer* too; no! I think the callant likely ever to make any thing by't, but just it may aiblins keep the lave aff him."

HINT TO EMIGRANTS.

An acquaintance of Baillie M'G—, of D—, made a grievous plaint to him one day of the hard times, and the impossibility of scraping together a livelihood in this wretched country. The baillie's own experience ran directly counter to these dolorous croakings, for his industry had realized a handsome competence; but he knew too much of the world to attempt proving to the complainer that ill success might be partly his own fault. He contented himself with remarking, that it was surely possible for a tradesman to draw together a tolerable business. "Not in this country," his friend repeated. "Weel, then," said the baillie, "what say ye to emigration? I have heard that some push their way gayan weel at Hobart Town or the Cape." "Yes," replied his desponding townsman, "that might be the case since a day; but, if there is business there, there are mair folk now than can get a share o't." "Weel, it's maybe true ye say," rejoined the baillie, whose policy it was never to contradict any man directly; "but ye might gang farther—ye might gang up into the interior." "There's naething," said the inveterate grumbler, "there's naething there but kangaroos." The worthy magistrate was something nettled at this pertinacious hopelessness, and concluding that kangaroos were a tribe of native savages, among whom a careful pedlar might make indifferent good bargains, he replied hastily, "Weel, aweel, and isna a kangaroo's siller as good as another man's?"—*Chambers' Scottish Jests*.

FALLS OF TERNI.

The great object of attraction, the celebrated *Cascata della Marmosa*, is between four and five miles from Terni. For nearly three miles the road ascends the valley of the Nar, clothed with copses of evergreen oak. At Pargigno, the road divides, the upper road leading to the top of the fall, and the lower one to the bottom. The upper road ascends very rapidly the slope of a limestone hill, and then, for about three quarters of a mile, lies over ground nearly level, and sounding hollow to the tread, bearing everywhere traces of the course of the water, and formed, indeed, from its concretions. The channel in which the water runs above the falls is about 51 feet wide; the descent is one foot in twenty; and the rapidity of the current about seven miles an hour. The traveller is conducted to different points to look down this tremendous cascade; the best view is from a little summer house, on a projecting point considerably below this brow, said to have been built for the accommodation of Napoleon. The lower part of the cataract is not visible at the point, but the river is seen rushing among rocks, and precipitating itself in a succession of falls over a perpendicular precipice, losing itself in thunder amid the foam and spray of the gulf below. The first fall takes place where the stream is yet confined among the rocks of the channel, which is there much broken, and may have an elevation of 40 or 50 feet. The second fall is a perpendicular descent of between 500 and 600 feet. It afterwards strikes against a rock, and rushes down repeated falls, so close as to form almost one continued sheet of foam for 240 feet more into the Nar, so that the whole descent is upwards of 800 feet. The view of the falls from below, is, however, far to be preferred. In any point of view, either from above or below, Lord Byron says it is worth all the cascades and torrents of Switzerland put together.—*Italy, by Josiah Conder*.

INFLUENCE OF STEAM NAVIGATION

The establishment of steam-boats between England and Ireland has greatly contributed to the prosperity of both countries. How have steam-boats done this? They have greatly increased the trade of both countries. On the examination of Mr Williams, before a Committee of the House of Commons, he stated "that before steam-boats were established, there was little trade in the smaller articles of fish, such as poultry and eggs. The first trading steam-boat from Liverpool to Dublin was set up in 1824; there are now forty such boats between England and Ireland. The sailing vessels were from one week to two or three weeks on the passage; the voyage from Liverpool to Dublin is now performed in fourteen hours. Reckoning ten miles for an hour, Dublin and Liverpool are 140 miles apart; with the old vessels, taking twelve days as the average time of the voyage they were separated as completely as they would be by a distance of 2880 miles. What is the consequence? Trade may now have from any of the manufacturing towns in England, within two or three days, even the smallest quantity of any description of goods;" and thus, "one of the effects has been to give a productive employment to the capital of persons in secondary lines of business, that formerly could not have been brought into action." Mr Williams adds, "I am a daily witness to the intercourse by means of the small traders themselves between England and Ireland. Those persons find their way into the interior of England, and purchase manufactured goods themselves. They are of course enabled to sell them upon much better terms in Ireland; and I anticipate that this will shortly lead to the creation of shops and other establishments in the interior of Ireland, for the sale of a great variety of articles which are not now to be had there." And how do the small dealers in English manufactured goods find purchasers in the rude districts of Ireland for our cloths and our hardware? Because the little farmers have sent as their butter and eggs and poultry, and have either taken our manufactures in exchange, or have taken back our money to purchase our manufactures, which is the same thing. Many millions of eggs, collected amongst the very poorest classes by the industry of women and children, are annually sent from Dublin to Liverpool. Mr Williams has known fifty tons, or eight hundred and eighty thousand eggs, shipped in one day, as well as ten tons of poultry; and he says this is quite a new creation of property. It is a creation of property that has a direct tendency to act upon the condition of the poorer classes in Ireland; for the produce is laid out in providing clothes for the females and children of the families who engage in rearing poultry and collecting eggs. Thus the English manufacturer is benefited, for he has a new market for his manufactures, which he exchanges for cheap provisions; and the dealer in poultry and eggs has a new impulse to this branch of industry, because it enables him to give clothes to his wife and children. This exchange of benefits—this advancement in the condition of both parties—this creation of produce and of profitable labour—this increase in the number of labourers—could not have taken place without machinery. That machinery is the carriage which conveys the produce to the river, and the steam-boat which makes a port in another country much nearer, for practical purposes, than the market town of a thinly peopled district. A new machinery is added; the steam-carriage running on the rail-road, which, in the case of the Liverpool and Manchester rail-road, as one of the witnesses truly says, "is like carrying Liverpool forty miles into the interior, and thus extending the circle to which the supply will be applicable." The last invention perfects all the inventions which have preceded it. The village and the city are brought close together in effect, and yet retain all the advantages of their local separation; the port and the manufactory are divided only by two hours' distance in time, while their distance in space affords room for all the various occupations which contribute to the perfection of either. The whole territory of Great Britain and Ireland is more compact, more closely united, more accessible, than was a single county two centuries ago.—*Working Man's Companion*.

KRIM GHERRI KATTI GHERRI.—Have any of our readers in turning over the pages of the Edinburgh Almanac, ever been surprised in noticing as an office-bearer in one of our pious beneficiary institutions, a person with the singular title of *Krim Gherri Katti Gherri*? If they have, they will not probably be glad to learn who this strange gentleman is. *Krim Gherri Katti Gherri* happens to be Sultan of the kingdom of Caucasus in Tartary; and, what is still more curious, his wife, the Sultana, is an Edinburgh lady, the daughter of Colonel ——. The history of young Krim was soon told. While about fifteen years of age, he became acquainted with some missionaries who had taken up their station near the Caucasus; on which occasion he embraced the Christian religion, left his native country, and proceeded under their protection, to St Petersburg, which he shortly after quitted for Scotland—and here he soon acquired the English language, habits, and manners. While resident in Edinburgh, he became acquainted with the above lady, to whom he was married, and carried her with him, though against the consent of her relations. As Krim is lineally descended from the ancient Khans of the Crimean throne of the present Sultan, Mahmoud, will be his the extinction of the reigning family. He has sons; and should any of them hereafter ascend the Ottoman throne, the singular fact will be presented of a prince of a descent from an Edinburgh family, holding his court at Constantinople, and reigning over the Turkish empire.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

JOHN SOBIESKI.

The life of John Sobieski, the intrepid Polish patriot, is one of the most interesting which can be offered within the scope of royal biography, and cannot fail to be of universal acceptance. Joining all the spirit of ancient chivalry with Christian piety, and an extraordinary desire to secure the independence of his country, he finds few parallels in history, and can, perhaps, be compared only to our own Scottish hero, Sir William Wallace, though far surpassing him in the magnitude of his warlike operations, and their effects on the condition of Europe. While exciting our admiration of his conduct, he is equally entitled to our grateful reverence, for he was the saviour of Christendom; and but for his exertions, that might not have been a vain threat which destined the altar of St Peter's to become the manger of the Moslem's horse.

John Sobieski was descended from an illustrious Polish family, and was born in the summer of 1629. The education of the future hero, like that of his elder brother Mark, corresponded to his high fortunes. In his father's princely inheritance of Zalkiew, he was taught not only the theory of war, but languages, history, politics, philosophy—every thing, in fact, likely to be useful to one whom his birth and connections destined to the first offices in the state. His ready genius required little aid from instructors, and his active frame was rendered hardy by martial exercises. Whether listening to the counsels of a father, whom a cultivated understanding and great experience in the world rendered the best of teachers, or bearding the wild boar in the recesses of his patrimonial forests, he afforded sure presages of his future eminence. But the most agreeable of his occupations was in anticipating the vengeance which he vowed one day to take on the Osmanlis, or Turks, the continual enemies of his country, his religion, and his race.

Our young hero had scarcely attained his sixteenth year, when he and Mark were sent on their travels. In France he became the friend no less than the pupil of the great Condé; in Italy he applied himself to the fine arts, to public law, and to the policy of princes; at Constantinople he leisurely surveyed the proportions of the formidable antagonist against which, both as a Christian and a noble Pole, he had been taught to nourish unextinguishable hatred. He was preparing to pass among the Tartars, when an alarming insurrection of the serfs, and an invasion of Tartars, summoned him to the defence of his country. In no country in Europe was the slavery of the lower classes so utterly galling and abject as in Poland. But human endurance has its limits. The dreadful tyranny to which the serfs were subjected led them at length to break out into the present rebellion. An aged Cossack chief had his property seized by a Polish intendant; he was himself bound in fetters, and his wife and family murdered. His soul being on fire with these injuries, on his release he loudly proclaimed his wrongs; and 300,000 of his countrymen and of the Tartars whose Khan had espoused his cause, rose to avenge them. At the head of this imposing force he cut in pieces the armies sent against him by the diet. As he advanced into Polish Russia, he was joined by the serfs who had previously massacred their lords, and by some thousands of Arian and Calvinistic nobles, whom the intolerance of the diet or state council had doomed to death. In this manner rolled on the frightful inundation, when the two intrepid Sobieskis hastened from the Ottoman capital to oppose the confederated forces. Having supported the election of John Cassimir to the throne of the republic, John Sobieski eagerly commenced his military career. In the outset he had a subordinate rank, but his valour soon raised him to distinction. In the first campaign his brother Mark was slain. The insurrection was finally quelled; but new foes arose—on the one side the Swedish Charles Gustavus, on the other the Muscovite Czar Alexis ravaged the country with impunity. The Polish armies were annihilated—John Cassimir was driven from his throne—and for a time the nation ceased to exist. But true hearts there were, and among those none was truer or braver than Sobieski's, who never despaired of the country. Noble and peasant at length combined, and Cassimir was restored. During these contentions, which continued many years, Sobieski was gradually rising to higher commands. His successes over the Muscovite general, Sheremstov, and above all, the brilliant victory he gained over the same enemy at Slobadyssa, where 70,000 of the Czar's forces were killed or taken, drew on him the attention of Europe, and elevated him to a rank with the greatest captains of the age. His exploits during the six following years against the Muscovites and Tartars procured him, from his grateful sovereign, first the elevated post of Grand

Marshal, next that of Grand Hetman of the crown. In the former capacity, he presided over the administration, and was the only man in the realm, who, by virtue of his office, could inflict the punishment of death without appeal. In the latter capacity he was invested with the supreme disposal of the military force.

The joy of the Poles was great to see their favourite captain thus placed at the head of all the civil and military dignities of Poland. The confidence they expected in his abilities was soon put to a severe trial. In 1667, 100,000 Cossacks and Tartars invaded the kingdom, and to meet these formidable numbers, there were only 10,000 ill-equipped soldiers; "but," said an officer of state, "if we have no troops, we have Sobieski, who is an army himself; if the public treasury be empty, his own revenues supply what is wanting; he burdens his patrimony with debts, that he may support the men he has raised." This was literally true. At his own expense the patriotic Hetman raised the army of 20,000, and fearlessly marched to meet the enemy. Having entrenched himself at Podhaic, he sustained, during sixteen successive days, with unshaken intrepidity, the impetuous onset of the assailants, on whom he inflicted a heavy loss. He did more: on the morning of the seventeenth, with his greatly diminished band, he issued from his fortifications, audaciously assumed the offensive, and in a few hours utterly routed Cossack and Tartar, with the Sultan Galga at their head, and compelled them to sue for peace. Success so splendid had been expected by no man, and all Poland flocked to the churches to thank God for having given her such a hero in the time of her need.

In the succeeding reign of Michael, the services of Sobieski were fully as important. In 1671 he opened a campaign with a handful of followers, and triumphed over Cossack, Tartar, and Turk. But he derived little satisfaction from his splendid successes. The King, terrified even in victory, consented not only to the dismemberment of the kingdom, but to the humiliation of an annual tribute as the price of peace. At the conclusion of this ignominious peace, the nation was torn by factions, and the Hetman retired to his estates in disgust. He was again called forth in order to defend his character from the vilest aspersions, which he did most effectually, and accomplished at the same time the rupture of the disgraceful treaty. This event once more brought Sobieski into the field. His exploits were now fully more astonishing than they were before. He captured the strongest holds of the Turks, and drove them beyond the Danube; and Europe thanked God for "the most signal successes which, for three centuries, Christendom had gained over the Infidel." At the close of the campaign, Michael, who was an imbecile monarch, fortunately died. This latter event immediately induced a meeting of the Polish diet, in which every landholder in the country considered himself entitled to assist. On the 20th of April, 1674, the diet opened, all the chivalry of Poland being ranged under their respective palatinates. Various foreign candidates were on this occasion proposed, and each, in his turn, rejected. At length the President of the Assembly spoke—"Let a Pole reign over Poland;" a sentiment which was hailed with approbation by the crowd. "We have," he continued, "a man among us who has ten times saved the republic by his head and his arm; who is hailed, both by the whole world and by ourselves, as the first and greatest of the Poles. By placing him at our head, we shall best consecrate his own glory; happy shall we be in being able to honour, by an additional title, the remaining days of one who has devoted every day to the interests of the republic; happier still in securing our own safety, by rescuing genius and patriotism from the shackles cast over them, and investing both with new energy and power. We know that such a King will maintain our nation in the rank it occupies, because he has hitherto maintained it in its present elevation—an elevation to which he himself has raised it. Poles!" concluded the animated speaker, "if we here deliberate in peace on the election of a king; if the most illustrious potentates solicit our suffrages; if our power be increased, and our liberties left to us—where is the glory? Call to mind the wonders of Slobadyssa, Podhaic, Kaluz, Kotzin—imperishable names! and choose for your monarch JOHN SOBIESKI!" The effect was electrical; all the Polish and Lithuanian palatinates shouted, "Long live King John III!" The soldiery drew their swords, swearing to exterminate all who did not join the cry. Sobieski was hence proclaimed, and entered on his new and royal functions with the approbation of all.

John Sobieski was thus raised for his talents and services to the highest office at which any human being can arrive. He was now the King of Poland; but we shall immediately see whether his apparently enviable honours brought with

them peace and satisfaction. The new King was almost immediately called on to justify the confidence reposed in him by a gallant nation. While obtaining his accustomed successes over the Tartars, he was suddenly assailed by Mahomet at the head of an amazing, and a disciplined force. He had but 8000 men left, and the arrival of supplies was of all things the most contingent. He threw himself into Lemberg, where he was speedily invested. All Poland believed him lost; yet he saw: for his queen and children, resolved, that, if conquered, their lives and his should there find a tomb. Taking advantage of a heavy fall of snow, which a high wind blew in the face of the foe, he one day issued from the fortress, led on his heroic band, shouting his favourite and pious war-cry of *Christ for ever!* and, after a sharp conflict, again routed the infidels, who fled with precipitation before this second *Cœur de Lion*. Well might all Christendom cry a *miracle!* for such wonders had never been wrought since the heroic days of Crecy and Poitiers. It was hoped that such disastrous defeats would deter the Moslems from opposing a captain who appeared as if raised up by Providence to be their scourge, if not their destruction; but this time their pride was exasperated; they levied another or more formidable army (three hundred thousand strong), which they confided to the Pacha of Damascus, the most resolute and ferocious of their generals. The Polish king's forces might reach ten thousand, yet, fearful as were the odds, he scorned to retreat. Having entrenched himself between two small villages on the banks of the Dneister, he supported during twenty successive days the most desperate efforts of the enemy, whose formidable artillery showered continued destruction into his camp. Never before had his situation been so critical. The bombardment was terrific, and was not remitted day or night; the ranks of the Poles were thinned by it, no less than by the frequent sallies which the king led to the very centre of the dense ranks of the Moslem. The Pacha was utterly confounded at such supernatural resistance; it gave way to admiration of the great hero; he proposed terms of peace, but they were rejected with scorn. After a pause the bombardment recommenced; and as the balls and shells fell thick among this heroic band, Sobieski ordered them to be returned by his own guns and mortars. The alacrity of the soldiers in gathering up every ball and shell as they fell, in thrusting them into the ever-active engines, and dashing them into the faces of those who had sent them, would have roused the patriotism of the most insensible, and inspired even cowards with bravery. The Turks were thunderstruck at seeing so brisk a fire all at once resumed; they doubted not that the Tartars, their allies, who occupied the left bank of the Dneister, had suffered supplies to be poured into the camp. Forty-eight hours of inaction followed. On the morning of October 14th, 1676, the astonishment of the Moslems knew no bounds when they saw the Pole calmly issue from his entrenchments, with his few followers drawn up for battle, apparently as confident of the result as if legions had compassed him. They could not believe a mere man would attempt such a thing: from that moment their superstition invested him with supernatural powers. The Tartars exclaimed that there was no use contending with "the wizard king." The Pacha would not engage, and offered an honourable peace, which was immediately accepted.

In these extraordinary efforts Sobieski received no support from the European powers, although he promised, if succoured, to drive the Mussulmans of Turkey back into those solitudes which vomited them forth. During the short peace which followed his last campaign, his life was embittered by the political intrigues of his wife, a Frenchwoman. This inquietude was, however, soon exhilarated by a new and still more tremendous war with the Turks, who now broke in upon Hungary in irresistible force, threatening the subjugation of Austria, and terrifying the adjacent principalities. All eyes were again directed to Sobieski. Rome trembled, and the Pope continually dispatched couriers to implore his interference in saving the church from the Moslem yoke. With the subsidies which he received from Rome, our hero was enabled to raise an army of 16,000 men. Soon he was joined by the Austrian forces, and his exultation was extreme to find himself at the head of 70,000 troops, having never before commanded half so many; with these he thought himself a match not only for 300,000 Turks and Tartars, but for the whole infidel world. The celebrated campaign of Vienna was now opened, but need not be related here. On the morning of September 11, 1683, the allied army reached the summit of a chain of mountains, from which the Austrian capital and the wide-spread gilded tents of the Moslems formed a magnificent prospect. Great was the astonishment of Kara Mustapha, the Turkish commander, to behold heights which he had confidently deemed inaccessible littered with Polish lances. He did not then know that

"the wizard king" was there, but the unwelcome intelligence was soon conveyed to him.

Next day, having heard mass and communicated—a pious practice which he never neglected when any great struggle was impending—the King descended the mountain to encounter the dense hosts of the Moslems in the plains below. The shouts of the Christian army bore to the infidels the dreaded name of *Sobieski*. The latter were driven from their entrenchments after some time. On contemplating these works, he deemed them too strong and too formidably defended to be forced. Five o'clock p.m. had sounded, and he had given up for the day all hope of the grand struggle, when the provoking composure of Mastapha, whom he espied in a splendid tent tranquilly taking coffee with his two sons, roused him to such a pitch that he instantly gave orders for a general assault. It was made simultaneously on the wings and centre. He himself made towards the Pacha's tent, bearing down all opposition, and repeating with a loud voice, *Non nobis, non nobis, Domine exercituum, sed nominis tui, da gloriam!* (Not unto us, not unto us, but to thy name, Lord of Hosts, be ascribed the glory.) He was soon recognised by Tartar and Cossack, who had so often beheld him blazing in the van of the Polish chivalry; they drew back, while his name rapidly passed from one extremity to the other of the Ottoman lines, to the dismay of those who had refused to believe him present. At that moment the hussars, raising their national cry, "*God for Poland!*" cleared a ditch which would long have arrested the infantry, and dashed into the deep ranks of the enemy. They were a gallant band: their appearance almost justified the saying of one of their kings—"That if the sky itself were to fall, they would bear it up on the points of their lances!" The shock was rude, and for some minutes dreadful; but the valour of the Poles, still more the reputation of the leader, and more than all, the finger of God, routed these immense hosts; they gave way on every side; the Khan of the Tartars was borne along with the stream to the tent of the now-despairing Vizier. "Canst not thou help me?" said Mustapha to the brave Tartar; "then I am lost indeed!" "The Polish king is there!" replied the other. "I know him well! Did I not tell thee that all we had to do was to get away as quick as possible?" Still the Vizier attempted to make a stand; in vain—as well might he have essayed to stem the ocean tide. With tears in his eyes he embraced his sons and followed the universal example—of flight. It would be impossible to describe the transports of the Christian world when the result of the campaign was known. Protestants as well as Roman Catholics caught the enthusiasm; every pulpit in Italy, Spain, and England, resounded with the praises of the illustrious victor. The Pope was overwhelmed with joy, and, bathed in tears of gratitude, remained for hours prostrate before a crucifix. Reader, this successful battle of Sobieski saved a large portion of Europe from the bloody and iron yoke of the Mohammedans. This was their last attempt on Europe, and from thenceforward they acted only on the defensive.

Amidst the rejoicings of Christendom, Sobieski was unhappy. He was beset by factions in the kingdom, who rendered his reign and his life miserable. True to its character, Poland continued divided against itself. There was no unanimity in its councils, and all its successes only engendered new causes of discontent. Finding himself unable to control the Polish nobles, and distracted by the intrigues of his wife, Sobieski resolved on abandoning the load of royalty with which he had been invested. On his resolution being made known, the voice of faction was hushed, and even his enemies prayed him to continue their sovereign and protector. After a short struggle between his inclination and sober judgment, he submitted to the unanimous voice of the people. He therefore continued king, but it was only in name. Sick of the court, he fled into the forests, or wandered from one castle to another, or pitched his tent wherever a beautiful valley, picturesque landscapes, the mountain torrent, or any natural object, attracted his attention. Sick, too, of the world, he sought for consolation in religion and philosophy. With his intimate friends, he discoursed on the nature of the soul, the justice of Heaven, and the wonders of another life more mysterious than even this. At length, the end of this great man approached. A dose of mercury—or, as is conjectured, poison—which he had been recommended to take, was too strong for his constitution, and speedily released him from all his sufferings. John Sobieski, or John III., who thus died in the year 1696, was the last independent prince of the country; and with him ended Polish greatness.*

* The above sketch has been drawn up chiefly from an able article in the Foreign Quarterly Review for April, 1831.

of the Psalms of David, used in the Scottish Church, was composed by an Englishman, named Francis Roos, a native of Cornwall, who flourished as one of the keenest republicans during the troubles of the reign of Charles I. and the Commonwealth. Besides this version of the Psalms, which was intended for the use of the church in England during the general prevalence of presbytery, he published a variety of controversial tracts, now entirely forgot. In early life Roos studied as a lawyer; but he abandoned this profession on becoming a member of the celebrated "Rump Parliament." He subsequently assisted Cromwell to the supreme authority; and after a life of political strife, died in 1658, and was buried at Eton College. At the restoration, his place of interment, like that of many others, was most shamefully desecrated. Roos's version of the Psalms, though in many places very defective and quaint in phraseology, is much superior in point of poetical merit to that of Sternhold and Hopkins, or Tate and Brady; and the taste of the Church of England in adhering to either of these cannot be commended.

TOMB OF RACHAEL.—Came, in his travels in Judea, thus describes the tomb of Rachael:—The spot is as wild and solitary as can well be conceived; no palms or cypresses give their shelter from the blast; not a single tree spreads its shade where the ashes of the beautiful mother of Israel rest. Yet there is something in this sepulchre in the wilderness, that excites a deeper interest than more splendid or revered ones. The tombs of Zacharias and Absalom, in the valley of Jehosaphat, or of the Kings, in the plain of Jeremah, the traveller looks at with careless indifference; beside that of Rachael, his fancy wanders "to the land of the people of the East," to the power of beauty that could so long make banishment sweet to the devoted companion of the wanderer, who deemed all troubles light for his sake.

POPULAR ERRORS.—It is a favourite paradox of some, that the greatest dandies make the bravest soldiers; as many take pleasure in repeating, that great men have usually had small persons. These opinions spring from that love of finding or making a wonder, which is one of the most tenacious principles in human nature, and is the cause of half the error that exists in the world. The fact seems to be, that brave men have been in general neither dandies nor slovens, but simply neat and cleanly, though, of course, there are exceptions of both kinds. Great men, also, have been in general neither little nor big, though there have been many of both classes. Size has nothing to do with the matter; and the middle class has produced the greatest number of geniuses, simply because it is the most numerous; just as those who purchase ten tickets in a lottery have a greater chance of winning than those who possess only one.—*Monthly Mag.*

EMIGRATION.—NEW BRUNSWICK.

As little is comparatively known of the state of this transatlantic colony, I beg to lay before my readers the following judicious observations, elicited on the subject. It may be premised that a Company is established at Liverpool, under very favourable auspices, for the purpose of purchasing lands in New Brunswick, and promoting emigration to that settlement.

Richard John Uniacke, Esq., is Attorney-General of Nova Scotia; read with great attention the evidence given before the committee, with respect to the emigration to Canada; is of opinion that emigration could with greater advantage be carried on to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. One reason is, the passage is shorter, and can be accomplished at less expense—the other reason is, that the provisioning and providing for the settlers in that country would be at much less expense, at least one-third less; brought out emigrants, settled them, and is acquainted with the expense; is certain that the provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick would provide for a population of four or five millions. The population of each may be now estimated at one hundred thousand.

"There is a new settlement going forward, which Lord Dalhousie put under his management, and for that purpose allotted him a track of country; called it Irish Town, and settled some people sent to him from Cork and Waterford, upon it. The first five families had not five shillings amongst them; those families are now increased to 25 families, in the course of five years, for the people who come out write to their families at home to say how comfortable they are, and those at home raise heaven and earth to try and come out to them; every year brings out new additions to the colony; they have given me 80*l.*, which I am to apply in sending out their relations. The last time I visited the place I asked them how they were situated, and they said, 'Tell our masters at home that we would not exchange situations with them.'—Thinks there is in the island of Cape Breton, which is in Nova Scotia, and in New Brunswick, more than four millions of acres of ungranted land, of good quality—the average produce of wheat in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick may be from 20 to 28 bushels of 63 pounds to the acre—had himself ample means to estimate the climate and soil of New Brunswick and other colonies, as capable of producing wheat in as large quantities to the acre as any part of the United States; means to say he raises as good wheat in Nova Scotia, with as little labour, and in as large quantities to the acre, as they do in any part of the United States; there is no uncertainty of climate. We have the finest grass and corn crops—it is true we are obliged to hand-feed our cattle longer than in England or Ireland; our summers are hotter, our winters not so cold; though our frosts are harder, it is not frost that makes cold; is sufficiently acquainted with

provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, including the island of Cape Breton, to form an opinion of the soils. The island of Cape Breton alone would supply the consumption of half Europe—in Nova Scotia there is an immense mass of coals, and in New Brunswick coals are discovered on the river St. John."

The passage from Great Britain to New Brunswick is shorter than to Quebec; opportunities more frequent there to Nova Scotia, which ought in some degree, to lessen the expense; on arriving, the business and activity that prevail in every part of the province, will give the emigrant capital employment and support. New Brunswick offers a large quantity of vacant land, of a good description, and excellent situations. So universal is the water communication through this province, that lots may be easily laid out adjoining some stream, or to no great distance from it, which, besides supplying the want of roads, affords convenient seats for mills, and a supply of fish for the emigrant's support. The winter is here colder than in Nova Scotia, but the summer is warmer and less clouded with fog. Everything the seller has to buy is cheaper, and every thing he has to sell, is dearer than in any of the colonies, owing to the ease with which he can pay for the manufactures of Great Britain by the timber trade, and which are imported in great abundance, and sold at reasonable prices; and owing to excess of consumption about the produce arising from the people being engaged in timber trade, corn, and fruits of the earth are therefore dear."

"Considerable sums are appointed every year by the Colonial Assembly for repairing and improving roads to the remote plantations. New Brunswick, with the Gulf of St. Lawrence on the one side, and the Bay of Fundy on the other, possesses a valuable fishery on its own shores; its coasts are indented with numerous bays and harbours, and the country possesses innumerable smaller streams to such a degree, that there is not, it is said, a point in the province eight miles distant from a navigable stream. In fertility of soil, it yields to no part of America; the face of the country is level, and is covered with an almost inexhaustible forest of large timber trees; beneath are mines of coal, freestone, lime, and gypsum; and it may be added that the ports in the Bay of Fundy are the only harbours north of New York that are never closed by ice. At present this province contains about 80,000 inhabitants, whose exports are at least 1,000,000 annually, and employ 150,000 tons shipping, and 17,500 seamen." "New Brunswick is bounded almost on two-thirds of its circumference by the ocean—it invites the commerce of the world. The general face of the country may be described as composed of bold undulations, sometimes swelling into the height of mountains, and again subsiding to vale and low lands, principally covered by noble forests, not so dense as to be inaccessible. The banks of the large rivers, for the most part, disclose a country of the latter description; so in many places, they are enclosed by lofty and precipitous rocks, whilst the abundance of inferior streams produces frequent slips or spaces of what is termed *intervals*, which being overflowed during the wet seasons, become, at stated intervals, distinguished by extreme fertility. The borders of the rivers and the islets with which they abound, furnishing extensive tracks of pasture and flourishing crops of Indian and European corn, attest the general adaptation of the soil to the most profitable uses of agriculture."

The importance of the province of New Brunswick must be acknowledged by every man who will be at the trouble to place the map of the British North America provinces before him. It exceeds 27,000 square miles, and comprises nearly 18,000,000 acres; is situated between the parallels of 45° 5' and 48° 4' north latitude, and between 36° 47' and 67° 58' of west longitude.

In common with every portion of America, this province enjoys that grand advantage and distinguishing feature, water communication; not a section of it but is traversed and intersected by almost innumerable streams, whilst the greater rivers from accessible channels of intercourse from its heart to its extremities. The distance from Cork, Valentia, Kilrush, and Galway to this province, is not more than about 2500 miles, the population of which is at present only between 70 and 80,000 souls; yet in the year 1824 its imports in 1070 vessels, measuring 241,000 tons, and navigating by 11,400 seamen were valued at 514,660*l.*; and the exports the same year in 1265 vessels, measuring 274,173 tons, navigated by 12,234 seamen, and their cargoes valued at 462,043*l.*, no bad proof of the comfort and industry of so small a population, or of the capabilities of this valuable colony. The table of exports and imports, adds the price of sixty new vessels, built in the province, and valued at 10*l.* per ton, the whole measuring 16,488 tons, making the whole exports 626,913*l.*

"Mr. Nicholas Cunliffe, of Woodstock, commenced clearing his farm in May, 1824. The work was done by contract, at the rate of from 3*l.* 10*s.* to 4*l.* per acre. He has now 107 acres of land cleared, excepting the stumps of the trees (74 acres were cleared since May last); and the crop raised from this land, last season, was 900 bushels of good clean wheat, weighing 63 pounds to the bushel, 400 bushels of Indian corn, nearly 100 bushels of potatoes, besides a quantity of beans and garden stuff, of which no particular account was kept. This crop alone will leave a profit of about a 100*l.* over and above the expense of clearing the whole of the land."

"Mr. Joseph Bedell commenced clearing his farm at Richmond, in the parish of Woodstock, about four miles from the River Saint John, in May, 1821. Without any other assistance than that of three sons (the eldest of whom is now but sixteen, the next twelve years of age, and the other still younger), he had cleared fifty acres of land, from which he raised, last season, two hundred and forty bushels of wheat, two hundred and fifty bushels of oats, fifty bushels of buck wheat, six hundred bushels of potatoes, one hundred and fifty bushels of turnips, and a small quantity of Indian corn. He has paid 110*l.* since he went on the farm, is now clear of debt, and owns four cows, one pair of horses, eight head of young cattle, twelve sheep, and eight hundred acres of good land."

Column for Young Women.

FASHIONS.

CONTINUING the subject of the TOILET, it has to be observed, that although the fickle goddess of fashion rarely approaches the realms of the truly beautiful, except immediately after having rioted in the regions of absurdity, yet in spite of her absurdities she is not only obeyed, but admired in all ages and in all climes. By the force of habit, and by an unconscious association in the mind, of a dress and its wearer, fashion, even to those who are somewhat fastidious, generally appears graceful. To please her, the fine lady of one country almost feeds herself into an apoplexy; and the would-be beauty of another starves herself into 'the sister to a shade.' The Chinese females cripple their feet, and the Europeans torture their waists into the narrowest possible compass. In one age she induces the fair sex to cover their faces with patches; and in the next, to blush, if necessity compel them to supply one; alternately to cashmere, as it were, their natural tresses, in favour of false locks set on wires, to make them stand at a distance from the head—to elevate their hair to an immoderate height—or to cultivate it into drooping ringlets over the ears.

General fashions should certainly be conformed to, when, as Goldsmith observes, they happen not to be repugnant to private beauty. They may often be so modified as to suit the persons of all, and occasionally be so managed as to seem to have been created expressly for the most advantageous display of many individual graces of form or delicacy of complexion. Should high fashions be patronized, short ladies must abstain from adopting them, because they are becoming only to the tall; and if narrow dresses obtain pre-eminence, the slender must not sacrifice that fullness in the attire, for which, to them, the most exquisite display of fashion can never be a sufficient compensation. The example of those who have long necks and low shoulders should never lead those of a different style of person to wear necklaces of great breadth, to raise the dress towards the ears, or, by a quantity of drapery, or profusion of ornament, to produce an apparent enlargement of the head-gear and the shoulders. Jewellery should never be used to cover any imperfections in the neck; it is in much better taste, for such a purpose, to wear a neat collar, reaching as high as the cheek. Those who happen to be faultless in this respect, look better, perhaps, with the neck altogether unadorned.

Whatever be the reigning mode, and however beautiful a fine head of hair may be generally esteemed, those who are short in stature, or small in features, should never indulge in a profuse display of their tresses, if they would, in the one case, avoid the appearance of a dwarfishness and unnatural size of the head, and, in the other, of making the face seem less than it actually is. Those who have round or broad faces should wear drooping clusters of curls; and although it is customary to part the hair in the centre, the division should be made on one side, if it grow low on the forehead and beautifully high on the temples; but if the hair be too distant from the eyebrows, it should be parted only in the middle, where it is generally lower than at the sides, whatever temptations fashion may offer to the contrary.

It is almost impossible to form a theory of the proper combination of colours applicable to dress: they are subject to a thousand contingencies, and we daily discover agreeable harmonies of tint where we least expected them, and excruciating discords produced by the juxtaposition of tones. The influence of some neighbouring tint, the position of the colours combined, their relative stations, and the materials adopted for each, frequently tend to produce these effects. The colour of a single rosette often destroys the general tone and appearance of the dress, and occasionally it may be managed with such skill as to blend the tints of two or more principal parts of the costume, which, without some such mediator, would render each other obnoxious to the eye of taste. It is quite certain, that the same colour which imparts a liveliness and brilliancy when used for light embellishments, and in a small quantity, becomes vulgar, showy, and disagreeable, if adopted for the most extensive portion and leading tint of the attire; and, on the other hand, the delicate or neutral colours, which look well when displayed over a considerable surface, dwindle into insignificance if used in small detached portions for minor ornaments. Generally speaking, trimmings will bear a greater richness of colours than the principal material of the dress, the breadth of which is apt entirely to subdue its decorations if they be not a little more powerful in tint. But it is a grave error to endow the minor parts of the costume with an undue superiority over the rest: it should never be forgotten that the trimming is intended to embellish the dress, rather than that the dress should sink into a mere field for the display of the trimming. In all cases, the short should not wear their trimmings so high as the tall.

The occurrence of glaring offences against good taste in the trimmings or fixed embellishments of any principal part of the attire, is rare, compared with those which are perpetrated in the minor articles of gloves, shoes, ribbons, &c. How often have we seen a dress, exquisite in all its parts, utterly ruined, by the wearer, as a finishing touch, drawing on a vulgar glove. Much mischief of a similar nature is frequently done by feathers, flowers, ribbons, shoes, and articles of jewellery. It is not enough that a flower is pretty; it must harmonize with, or form a pleasing contrast to, the other parts of the costume. Coloured shoes or boots ought to be avoided as unattractive, and very inferior in appearance and respectability to those of a clear black hue. Gloves should be in the most delicate tints that can be procured. But these, and many other arrangements connected with the toilet, must be governed by taste, which is the grand requisite, combining the triple qualities of propriety, neatness, and elegance."—*Young Lady's Book.*

DOMESTIC DUTIES.

The refinements of fashion, the duties of the toilet, and

what compose the elegant amusements of young women, should, on no account, unless in very particular instances, impede their course of instruction in the more useful and lasting duties of domestic life. To preserve a house, however mean or however dignified, in the best possible order, to have a knowledge in the making up of female attire, and to be learned in the divers processes of cookery, are, in general, absolutely essential; that is to say, if young women have any ambition to be placed at the head of a domestic establishment suitable to their rank and prospects in life. The house being the appropriate kingdom of the wife, it is necessary that she should be thoroughly mistress of all its details, and in no instance be left at the mercy of strangers or servants, who, even if anxious to please, seldom possess an education which renders them competent to carry on a household in its different parts. By a close, yet tempered supervision on the part of the mistress of the establishment, a corresponding degree of comfort, peace, and saving of expense, is produced, and by her laxity or carelessness, exactly the opposite results take place. Without proper discipline and firmness, all the cares of the young wife may be frustrated. I think it is Miss Edgeworth who says, in one of her excellent novels, that the greater proportion of the misery of life proceed from taking things for granted. The good wife takes nothing for granted. She gives forth her orders distinctly, and, if requisite, sees them executed. Let those things be impressed on the minds of my fair young countrywomen. William Cobbett, who has written a good deal on the value of industry in household affairs, has well said "that the lover is blind; but that the husband has eyes to see with. He soon discovers that there is something wanted besides dimples and cherry cheeks; and I would (says he) have fathers seriously reflect, and to be well assured, that the way to make their daughters to be long admired, beloved, and respected by their husbands, is to make them skilful, able, and active in the most necessary concerns of a family. Eating and drinking (continues he) come three times every day; the preparations for these and all the ministry necessary to them, belong to the wife; and I hold it to be impossible, that, at the end of two years, a really ignorant, slothful wife should possess anything worthy of the name of love from her husband. A woman who understands all things above mentioned is really a skilful person; a person worthy of respect, and that will be treated as such."

How great is the change (says a respectable female writer) which is instantly effected in the situation of a woman by the few solemn words pronounced at the altar! She, who the moment before was, perhaps, a careless member of one family, finds herself, as if by magic, at the head of another, and involved in duties of the highest importance. If she possess good sense, her earnest wish will be to act with propriety in her new sphere. The married and single state equally demand the exercise and improvement of the best qualities of the heart and the mind. Sincerity, discretion, a well-governed temper, forgetfulness of self, charitable allowance for the frailty of human nature, are all requisite in both conditions. But the single woman being, in general, responsible for her own conduct solely, is chiefly required to cultivate passive qualities. To fall easily into the domestic current of regulations and habits; to guard with care against those attacks of caprice and ill-humour which disturb its course; to assist rather than to take the lead in all family arrangements, are among her duties: while the married woman, in whose hands are the happiness and welfare of others, is called upon to lead, to regulate, and command. She has to examine every point in the new situation into which she is transplanted; to cultivate in herself, and to encourage in her husband, rational and domestic tastes, which may prove sources of amusement in every stage of their lives, and particularly at the latter period, when other resources shall have lost their power to charm. She has to proportion, not, as in the single state, her own personal expenses merely, but the whole expenditure of her household, to the income which she is now to command; and in this part of her duty there is often exercise for self-denial as well as for judgment. The condition of her husband may require her to abandon, not only habits of expense, but even those of generosity. It may demand from her a rigid adherence to economy neither easy nor pleasant, when contrary habits and tastes, under more liberal circumstances, have been fixed and cultivated. Such alterations in habit may at first be regarded as sacrifices, but, in the end, they will meet their compensation. Sometimes, however, the means of indulging liberal and generous propensities are extended by marriage. Where this is the case, that extreme attention to economy, which circumscribes the expenditure very much within the boundaries of the income, would betray a narrow and mean spirit, and would have the effect to abridge the blessings which by affluence may be dispensed around.

No woman should place herself at the head of a family without feeling the importance of the character which she has to sustain. Her example alone may afford better instruction than either precepts or admonition, both to her children and servants. By a 'daily beauty' in her life, she may present a model by which all around her will insensibly mould themselves. 'Knowledge is power' only when it fits us for the station in which we find ourselves placed. Of all the social domestic and personal obligations of the young wife, her husband is the centre: when they are properly discharged, his welfare and happiness are certainly promoted; and his esteem, affection, and confidence established on a permanent basis. In neglecting them, he is neglected, his respectability diminished, and his domestic peace and comfort destroyed. One who, selfishly regardless of family-duties, leads a life of dissipation and amusement, whose heart and soul are in the world, and never at home, is worthless as a wife or mother. She neglects the chief and positive duties of life, without fulfilling those of a minor character with any good effect. At home her example is injurious, and if abroad she possess any influence, it is merely of a temporary nature, resting, probably, on no secure ground than that of fashion. In portraying the *beau-ideal* of a

married woman, I should describe one not absorbed in any single part, but attentive to the whole of life's obligations—one who neglects nothing—who regulates and superintends her household concerns; attends to, watches over, and guides her children, and yet is ever ready to consider, in moderation, the demands upon her time, which the numerous and various claims of society may make. Such appears to me to be a right sketch of the character of the married woman.

"The first year of a woman's married life is not always most free from vexations and troubles. She carries into one family the prejudices and habits of another, which sometimes prove so different as to cause the task of assimilating herself, in her new character, to those with whom she is henceforth to dwell, to be both painful and difficult. If she be solicitous to promote unanimity between her new connections and herself, she will, perhaps, examine how far she can yield up her own opinions, and render herself agreeable to her new relatives. By yielding a little she may establish herself firmly in their affections. Much of the comfort of the married state depends on the good temper of the wife. Even should the temper of the husband be peculiar, she may, by having the command of her own, lessen some of its bad effects upon the happiness of the family; and though she may not be able to avert them entirely, yet she will derive much satisfaction from knowing she has not increased the evil by her own want of forbearance and good humour. Good temper in a wife is, indeed, indispensable to conjugal happiness. A man may possess every advantage which the world has to give, and may have talents that render him a valuable member of society; yet if his wife be contentious, fretful, or discontented, his sum of happiness is most incomplete. Every man, whether employed in the duties of public or of professional life, meets with numerous circumstances and disappointments which harass and distress him. For the painful effects of these, a happy home provides an instantaneous antidote. Every thing beyond its walls seems for a time forgotten, while the mind is relieved, and its powers renovated for future exertions in the world, by the healthy air of cheerfulness which he breathes in the domestic circle. How important then it is, that the wife, by her amiable conduct, should obtain that influence over her husband's mind which will prompt him to turn frequently from the world to her society, for happiness and refinement."—*Mrs. Parkes on Domestic Duties.*

With these observations I must conclude my COLUMN FOR THE LADIES, promising to revert, at an early opportunity, to the various household duties necessary to be performed by them on entering into the married life.

MATRIMONY.

BY SAMUEL ROGERS.

THEN come those full confidings of the past,
All sunshine now where all was overcast.
Then do they wander till the day is gone,
Lost in each other; and, when night steals on,
Covering them round, how sweet her accents are!
Oh when she turns and speaks, her voice is far,
Far above singing!—But soon nothing stirs
To break the silence—Joy like his, like hers,
Deals not in words; and now the shadows close,
Now in the glimmering, dying light she grows
Less and less earthly! As departs the day,
All that was mortal seems to melt away,
Till like a gift resumed as soon as given,
She fades at last into a Spirit from Heaven!

Then are they blest indeed; and swift the hours
Till her young sisters wreath her hair in flowers,
Kindling her beauty—while, unseen, the least
Twitches her robe, then runs a blind the rest,
Known by her laugh that will no more be suppressed.
Then before all they stand—the holy vow
And ring of gold, no fond illusions now,
Bind her as his. Across the threshold led,
And every tear kissed off as soon as shed,
His house she enters, there to be a light
Shining within, when all without is night;
A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing!
How oft her eyes read his; her gentle mind
To all his wishes, all his thoughts inclined;
Still subject—ever on the watch to borrow
Mirth of his mirth, and sorrow of his sorrow.
The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked to rapture by the master's spell;
And feeling hearts—touch them but rightly—pour
A thousand melodies unheard before!

Nor many moons o'er hill and valley rise,
Ere to the gate with nymph-like step they flies,
And their first-born holds forth, their darling boy,
With smiles how sweet, how full of love and joy,
To meet him coming; theirs through every year
Pure transports, such as each to each endear!
And laughing eyes and laughing voices fill
Their halls with gladness. She, when all are still,
Comes and undraws the curtain as they lie,
In sleep how beautiful!

EELS TRAVELLING OVERLAND.

The eel (says Mr. Jesse, in his "Gleanings in Natural History") is evidently a link between the fish and the serpent; but, unlike the former, it can exist a long time out of water, which its occasional migrations prove, though probably a certain degree of moisture on the grass is necessary to enable it to do this. That they do wander from one place to another, is evident. I have been informed, upon the authority of a nobleman well known for his attachment to field sports, that, if an eel is found on land, its head is invariably turned towards the sea, for which it is always observed to make in the most direct line possible. If this information is correct (and there seems no reason to doubt it), it shows that the eel, like the swallow, is possessed of strong migratory instinct. An annual migration of young eels takes place in the river Thames, in the month of May; and they have generally made their appearance at Kingston, in their way upwards, about the second week in that month. These young eels are about two inches in length, and they make their approach in one regular and undeviating column of about five inches in breadth, and as thick together as it is possible for them to be. As this overland procession of eels generally lasts two or three days, and as they appear to move at the rate of nearly two miles and half an hour, some idea may be formed of their enormous number.

AN ALLIGATOR HUNT.

I must give a short account of an alligator hunt, at a place called Nellivelly, near Trincomalee, got up for the admiral's express amusement, and performed by a corps of Malays in the British service, the 1st Ceylon regiment. Very early in the morning of the 22d of September, the party, which consisted of several ladies and a large proportion of red coats and blue coats, were summoned from their beds to set forth on this expedition. The admiral, as usual, was up, dressed, and on horseback, long before any of the rest of the company, whom he failed not to scold or to quiz, as they severally crept out of their holes, rubbing their eyes, and very much doubting whether the pleasures of the sport were likely to compensate for the horrible bore of early rising.

In other countries the hour of getting up may be left to choice; in India, when anything active is to be done, it is a matter of necessity; for after the sun has gained even a few degrees of altitude, the heat and discomfort, as well as the danger of exposure, become so great, that all pleasure is at an end. This circumstance limits the hours of travelling and of exercise in the East very inconveniently, and introduces modifications which help in no slight degree to give a distinctive character to Indian manners. As there was little risk of being too late on any party of which Sir Samuel Hood took the lead, the day had scarcely begun to dawn when we all cantered up to the scene of action. The ground lay as flat as a marsh for many leagues; here and there the plain was spotted with small stagnant lakes, connected together by sluggish streams, or canals, scarcely moving over beds of mud, between banks fringed with a rank crop of draggled weeds, and giving birth to clouds of mosquitoes.

The chill atmosphere of the morning fell so thick clammy, it was impossible for the most confident in his own strength and health not to think of ague, jungle fevers, and all the hopeful family of malaria. The hardy native soldiers, who had occupied the ground during the night in despite of the miasmata, were drawn up to receive the admiral; and a very queer guard of honour they formed. The whole regiment had stripped off their uniform, and every other stitch of clothing, save a pair of short trousers, and a kind of sandal. In place of a firelock, each man bore in his hand a slender pole about six feet in length, to the extremity of which was attached the bayonet of his musket. His only other weapon was the Malay crease, a sort of dagger or small edition of the waving two-edged sword with which the Angel Michael is armed in Raphael's picture of the Expulsion of our First Parents from Paradise.

Soon after the commander-in-chief came to the ground, the regiment was divided into two main parties, and a body of reserves. The principal columns, facing, one to the right, the other to the left, proceeded to occupy different points in one of those sluggish canals I have already mentioned, connecting the lakes, or pools, scattered over the plain. These detachments, being stationed about a mile from one another, enclosed an interval where, from some peculiar circumstances known only to the Malays (who are passionately fond of this sport), the alligators were sure to be found in great numbers. The troops formed themselves across the canal, in three parallel lines, ten or twelve feet apart; but the men in each line stood side by side, merely leaving room enough to wield their pikes. The canal may have been about four or five feet deep in the middle of the stream, if stream it may be called, which scarcely moved at all. The colour of the water, when undisturbed, was a shade between ink and coffee; but no sooner had the triple line of Malays set themselves in motion, and the mud got stirred up, than the consistence and colour of the fluid became like those of pea-soup.

On every thing being reported ready, the soldiers planted their pikes before them in the mud, and, if I recollect right, each man crossing his neighbour's weapon, and at the word "march," away they all started in full cry, sending forth a shout, or war-whoop, sufficient to curdle the blood of those on land, whatever effect it may have had on the inhabitants of the deep. As the two divisions of the invading army, starting from opposite ends of the canal, gradually approached each other in pretty close column, screaming and yelling with all their souls, and striking their pikes deep in the slime before them, the startled animals naturally retired towards the unoccupied centre.

Generally speaking, the alligators, or crocodiles (for I believe they are very nearly the same), had sense enough to turn their long tails upon their assailants, and to scuttle off as fast as they could towards the middle part of the canal. But every now and then, one of the terrified monsters, either confused by the sound or provoked by the prick of a pike, or mystified by the turbid nature of the stream, floundered backwards, and, by retreating in the wrong direction, broke through the first, second, and even third line of pikes. This, which would have been any thing but amusement to unpractised hands, was the perfection of sport to the delighted Malays. A double circle of soldiers was speedily formed round the wretched aquatic who had presumed to pass the barrier. By means of well-directed thrusts with numberless bayonets, and the pressure of some dozens of feet, the poor brute was often fairly driven beneath his native mud. When once there, his enemies half-choked and half-spitted him, till at last they put an end to his miserable days in regions quite out of sight, and in a manner as inglorious as can well be conceived. For the poor denizens of the pool, indeed, it was the choice between Scylla and Charybdis with a vengeance, and I am half-ashamed to acknowledge the savage kind of delight with which we stood on the banks, and saw the distracted creatures rushing from one attack right into the jaws of another. The Malays, in their ecstasy, declared that the small fry from one side rushed down the throats of the big ones whom they met flying in the opposite direction. But this seems very questionable, though positively asserted by the enraptured natives, who redoubled their shouts as the pluckered, and the two bodies of troops, marching from opposite quarters, drew within a hundred yards of each other. The intermediate space was now pretty well crowded with

alligators, swimming about in the utmost terror; at times diving below, and anon showing their noses, well plastered with mud, high above the surface of the dirty stream; or occasionally making a furious bolt, in sheer despair, right at the phalanx of Malays. On these occasions, half-a-dozen of the soldiers were often upset, and their pikes either broken or twisted out of their hands, to the infinite amusement of their companions, who speedily closed up the broken ranks, as if their comrades had been shot down in battle. The killed were none, but the wounded many; yet no man flinched in the least.

The perfection of the sport appeared to consist in detaching a single alligator from the rest, surrounding and attacking him separately, and spearing him till he was almost dead. The Malay, then, by main strength, forked him aloft, over their heads, on the end of a dozen pikes, and by a sudden jerk, pitched the conquered monster far on the shore. As the alligators are amphibious, they kept to the water no longer than they found they had an advantage in that element; but as the period of the final *mélee* approached, on the two columns of their enemy closing up, the monsters lost all discipline, floundered, and pluntered up the weedy banks, scuttling away to the right and left, helter-skelter.

The concluding battle between these retreating and desperate alligators and the Malays of the reserve was formidable enough. Indeed, had not the one party been fresh, the other exhausted, one confident, the other broken in spirit, it is quite possible that the crocodiles might have worsted the pirates, as the Malays are called in every other part of the world but the East, where they are generally admitted to be as good a set of people as any of their neighbours. It is needless to say, that while all this was going on, our gallant admiral, Sir Samuel Hood, was a pretty busy spectator. His eagle eye glanced along the canal, and at a moment took in the whole purpose of the campaign. As the war advanced, and sundry affairs of out-posts took place, we could see his face flushing with delight. But when the first alligator was cast headlong and gasping at his feet, pierced with at least twenty pike wounds, and bristled with half-a-dozen fragments of these weapons fractured in the onslaught, the whole plain rung with his exclamation of boyish delight. When the detachments closed in upon their prey, and every moment gave birth to some new prodigy of valour, or laid a whole line of Malay soldiers prostrate on the muddy stream, like so many nine-pins, I verily believe, that if none of his own people had been present, the admiral would have seized a pike himself, and jumped into the thickest of the fight, boots, sword, cocked hat, and all! As it was, he kept himself close to the banks, and rivalled the best Malay amongst them in yelling and cheering on the forces to their duty.

This intensity of eagerness had well nigh proved rather awkward for his Excellency's dignity, if not his safety; for in spite of the repeated warnings of the English officers of the regiment, who knew from former hunts what was sure to happen eventually, the admiral persisted in approaching the edge of the canal as the final act of the alligators' tragedy commenced. And as we, his poor officers, were, of course, obliged to follow our chief into any danger, a considerable party of us found ourselves rather awkwardly placed between the reserves of Malays already spoken of and the canal, just as the grand rush took place at the close of the battle. If the infuriated crocodiles had only known what they were about, and had then brought their long sharp snouts, and still harder tails, into play, several of his Majesty's officers might have chanced to have found themselves in a scrape. As it was, we were extremely near being wedged in between the animals' noses and the pikes and creases of the wild Malays. It was difficult, indeed, to say which of the two looked at that moment the most savage—the triumphant natives or the flying troop of alligators wallowing away from the water. Many on both sides were wounded, and all, without exception, covered with slime and weeds. Some of our party were actually pushed over, and fell plump in the mud, to the very provoking and particular amusement of the delighted admiral, whose superior adroitness enabled him to avoid such an undignified catastrophe, by jumping first on one side and then on the other, in a manner which excited both the mirth and the alarm of his company; though, of course, we took good care rather to laugh with our commander-in-chief than at him. I forget the total number of alligators killed; but certainly there could not have been fewer than thirty or forty. The largest measured ten feet in length, and four feet in girth, the head being exactly two feet long.—*Captain Basil Hall's Fragments of Voyages and Travels, Second Series.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

At the sale of an antiquarian gentleman's effects in Roxburghshire, which Sir Walter Scott happened to attend, there was one little article, a Roman patera, which occasioned a good deal of competition, and was eventually knocked down to the distinguished Baronet at a high price. Sir Walter was excessively amused, during the time of the bidding, to observe how much it excited the astonishment of an old woman, who had evidently come there to buy culinary utensils on a more economical principle. "If the parritch-pan," she at length burst out, "if the parritch-pan gangs at that, what will the hail-put gang for?"

ELECTRICAL CLOCK.—The Journal of Geneva gives the following description of a curious clock, exhibited in that city, and executed by M. Bianchi of Verona. This machine, which is especially remarkable on account of its extreme simplicity, is composed only of a pendulum, a large wheel, two escapements, and a quadrature. Such are the visible parts. We must, however, suppose that a pinion and a wheel make the communication between the great wheel and the quadrature, though we cannot see them. The pendulum, at each vibration, causes one of the escapements to advance the great wheel one tooth, which, after this movement, has a

pause making the dead round. As there is no metallic moving power to set the machine going, we find, on examining what keeps up the motion, that the pendulum, which is almost out of proportion with the clock, descends into a case, and there, at each vibration, the ball, or bob, which is furnished with a conductor, approaches alternately two poles, to which voltaic piles supply their portion of electricity. So that the pendulum, when once put in motion, retains it by means of the electricity alternately drawn from the two poles. This machine, which is equally simple and ingenious, is worthy of the attention of the artist. Perhaps other interesting results may be obtained by employing the electric fluid as a moving power, however slight the force such an agent may seem capable of communicating.—*Literary Gazette.*

VITALITY OF INSECTS.—If the head of a mammiferous quadruped, or of a bird, is cut off, the consequences are of course fatal. But the most dreadful wounds that imagination can figure or cruelty inflict, have scarcely any destructive influence on the vital functions of many of the inferior creatures. Læwenhoeck had a mite which lived eleven weeks transfixed on a point for microscopical investigation. Vaillant caught a locust at the Cape of Good Hope, and after excavating the intestines, he filled the abdomen with cotton, and stuck a stout pin through the thorax, yet the feet and antennæ were in full play after the lapse of five months. In the beginning of November, Redi opened the skull of a land tortoise, and removed the entire brain. A fleshy integument was observed to form over the opening, and the animal lived for six months. Spallanzani cut the heart out of three newts (in Scotland, called *asla*), which immediately took to flight, leapt, swam, and executed their usual functions for forty-eight hours. A decapitated beetle will advance over a table, and recognise a precipice on approaching the edge. Redi cut off the head of a tortoise, which survived eighteen days. Colonel Pringle decapitated several libellæ or dragon flies, one of which afterwards lived four months, and another for six; and, which seems rather odd, he could never keep alive those with their heads on above a few days.—*Encyc. Brit. new edit.*

CIVILIZATION OF THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS.—It is a pleasing fact, which demonstrates unequivocally that the South Sea Islanders are not deficient in capacity, but are capable, when inducement sufficient is offered, of acquiring habits of close industry, that in the islands of Raiatea and Huahine, or any of the stations in the Leeward Islands, there is hardly an adult female, excepting the aged and infirm, who could not use her needle so as to make her own clothes, and those required by other members of the family. I have not had equal opportunity of knowing what progress the females in the Windward Islands have made, but have reason to believe it is highly creditable to their application. The occupation furnished by the new order of things that has followed the introduction of Christianity, is one of the important sources of their present enjoyment. But this is not the only advantage resulting therefrom. It has opened a new channel for commercial enterprise, and has actually created a market for British manufactures, the consumption of which among the islands of the Pacific that have received the Gospel, is already considerable.—*Ellis's Polynesian Researches.*

EXTENT OF THE BRITISH DOMINIONS.—The sun never sets on the dominions of our King. Before the evening ray leaves the spires of Quebec, his morning beams have shone for three hours on Port-Jackson; and while sinking from the waters of Lake Superior, his eye opens upon the Ganges.—*Entertaining Press.*

ANTS.

Very erroneous opinions are prevalent with regard to the food of ants, which I've often been supposed to consume corn, and to do great injury to plants by devouring their roots or stems. The truth is, that they are chiefly carnivorous insects, preying indiscriminately on all the softer part of animals, and especially the viscera of other insects. These, indeed, they will often attack when alive, and overpower by dint of numbers, either devouring their victim on the spot, or dragging it a prisoner into the interior of the nest. If, however, the game should be too bulky to be easily transported, they make a plentiful meal, and exert, like the bee, a power of disgorging a portion, and of imparting it to their companions at home; and it appears that they are even able to retain at pleasure the nutritious juices unchanged for a considerable time. The rapidity with which they consume, and in fact anatomize, the carcass of any small bird or quadruped that happens to fall in their way, is well known, and furnishes an easy method of obtaining natural skeletons of these animals, by placing their dead bodies in the vicinity of a populous ant-hill. In hot climates, where they multiply to an amazing extent, their voracity and boldness increase with their numbers. Bosman, in his description of Guinea, states that in one night they will devour a sheep, leaving it a fine skeleton, while a fowl is for them only the amusement of an hour. In these situations they will venture to attack even living animals of considerable size. Rats and mice often become their victims. Their power of destruction keeping pace with their increase of numbers, it is hardly possible to assign limits to either; and the united hosts of this diminutive insect have often become formidable to man himself. A story is related by Prevost, in his *Histoire Générale des Voyages*, of an Italian missionary, resident in Congo, who was awakened by his negroes in great alarm at the house being crowded by an immense army of ants, which poured in like a torrent, and before he could rise had already mounted upon his legs. They covered the floor and passages, forming a stratum of considerable depth. Nothing but fire was capable of arresting their progress. He states that crows have been known to be devoured in their stalls by these daring devastators.—*Encyc. Brit. new edit.*

MR. CHAMBERS feels gratified in mentioning, that the demand for the Journal is undergoing a daily increase in all parts of the country, and that the weekly impression now amounts to 31,000 copies.

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